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Saturday Review

April 4, 1970 50¢

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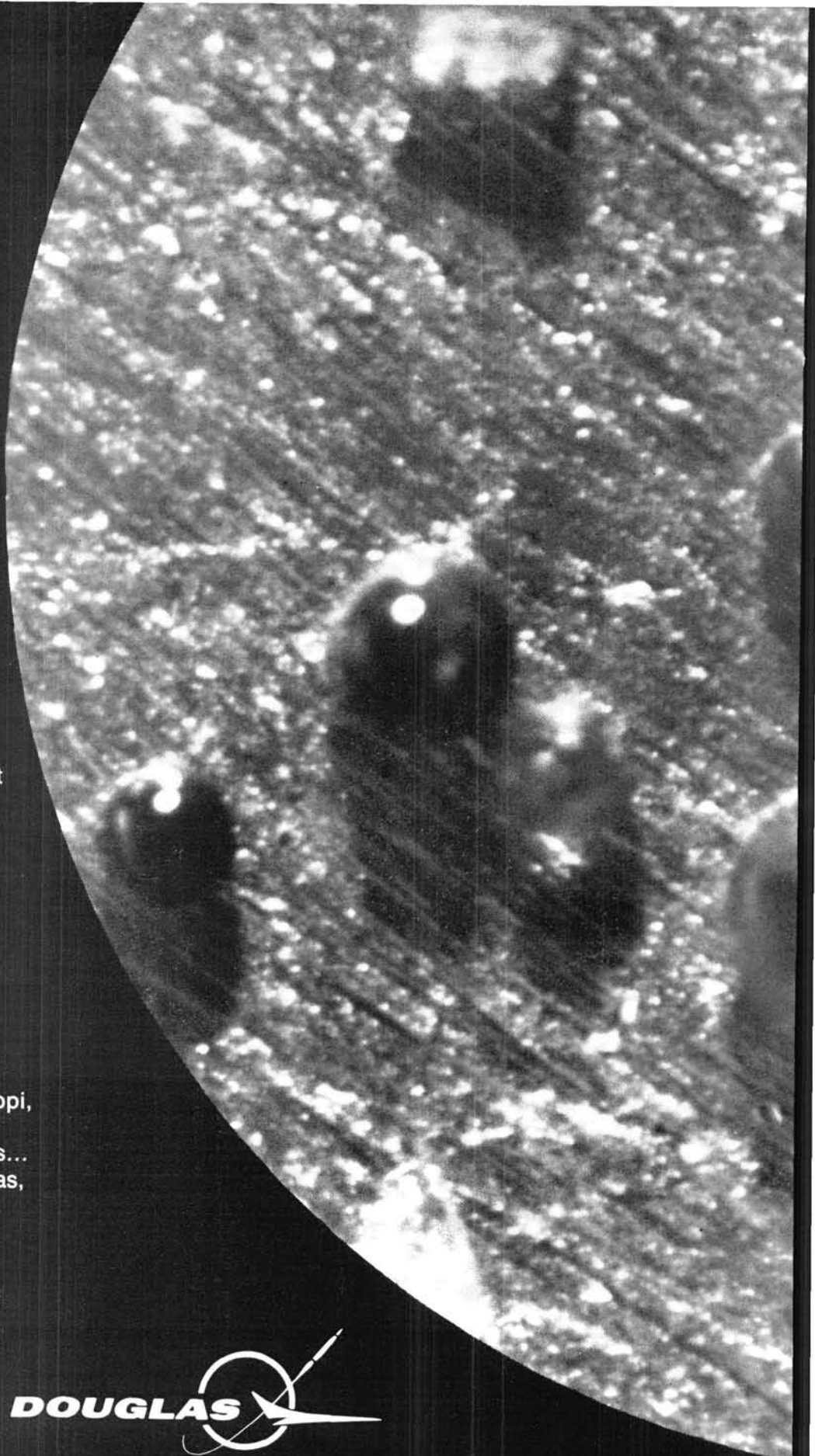

Moonrocks bought bread in America

America didn't send its dollars to the moon, it sent them to the corner grocery store. The moon rocks were acquired enroute.

The few chunks of metal we put on the moon weren't worth a dime until *hardworking people* throughout this country put their labor into digging that metal out of the Earth. They used their brains and *their hands to shape that* metal into the machines of the Saturn/Apollo.

America paid these men and women workers... from Michigan and Mississippi, from Tulane and Tuskegee, from the ghetto and suburbs... and they bought cars and gas, met the rent, and yes, bought bread.

Not moonrocks. Bread.

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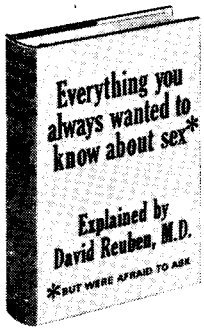

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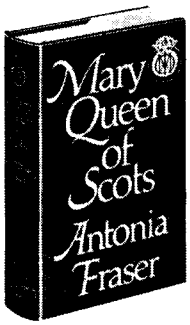

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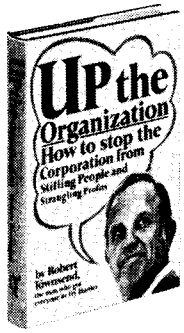

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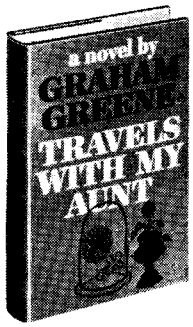

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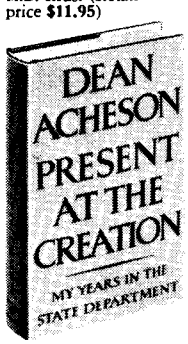

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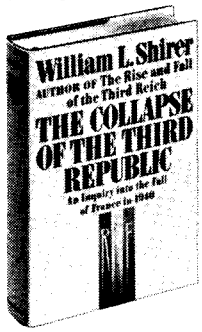
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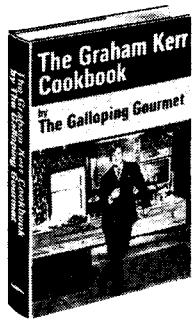

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Saturday Review

(Advertisement)

The first rush of books, good and bad, which followed in the wake of Robert Kennedy, is slowing. The impressionistic journalists, and the friends, and the sentimental souvenir sellers have had their say. Perhaps now we can face the fact that the man must be left to history.

More balanced books will appear one day, when legends and memories blur; perhaps even the definitive work. Whether or not that occurs, one book has just been published which will be of singular value to those who live after us, those who search through the books and clippings and microfilms for the man. It is a book of limited intent and intimate resources.

ON HIS OWN, by William vanden Heuvel and Milton Gwirtzman, is an account by two associates of RFK's life in elective politics. It tells what happened during four years, from his first decision to campaign for the New York Senate seat in 1964 to his primary in California. Coming out of the time of deep mourning for his brother, he decided to "move ahead," as they liked to say (he had considered teaching, journalism, living in England). This book shows how he reached or put off decisions, who advised him, and what he did.

Of ON HIS OWN, they are saying: "Robert Kennedy had to face obstacles, internal and external . . . This is the story of [his] fight, told by two men who were at his side" (Roger Hilsman). "A highly readable, candid, and knowing portrait of an unforgettable American leader and a poignant political career" (James MacGregor Burns). "Aside from being the most complete and accurate account of RFK's political career following his brother's assassination, this book should also serve as a useful counterpart to those works of fiction that have been masquerading as political history . . . fascinating reading" (Richard Goodwin).

Those who are saying it are those who know.

L.L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

ON HIS OWN: ROBERT F. KENNEDY 1964-1968 ($7.95), by William vanden Heuvel and Milton Gwirtzman, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained at any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 1331 E. Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004.

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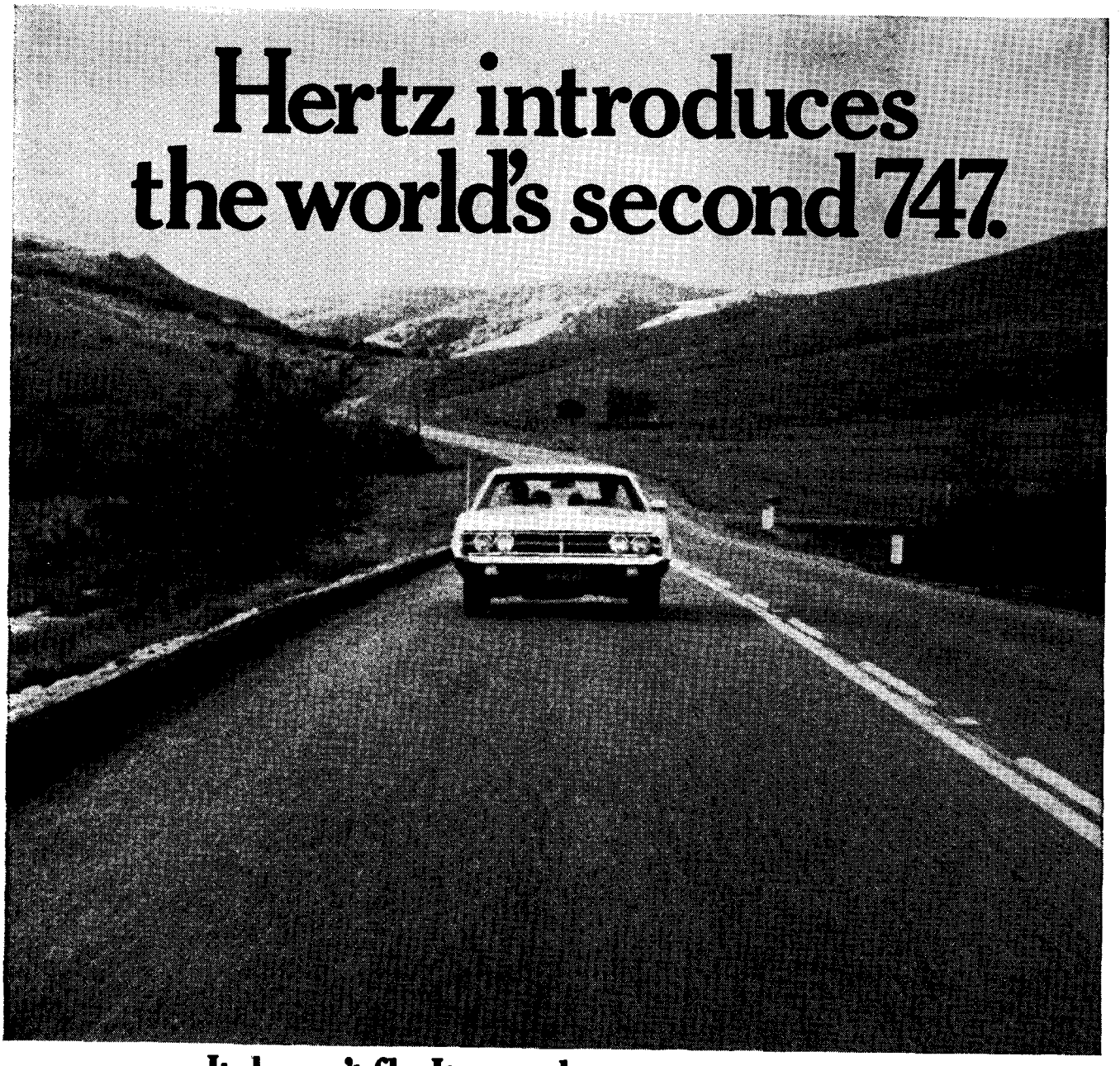

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Some Notes on Notes

A KEY POINT has been overlooked in the controversy over whether government investigators have the right to confiscate a reporter's notes. Nobody can read a reporter's notes. After about twelve hours, even a reporter can't read his notes.

As a newspaper reporter of illegible standing, I can testify without revealing my sources that no single group in the United States has worse handwriting. Many of us abandoned penmanship at an early age after discovering typewriters and realizing there was more to life than making endless ovals on lined paper.

Even doctors must write more legibly than reporters, because pharmacists have to decipher. A reporter communicates only to himself. Sometimes his notes serve as memory-joggers; at other times his own shorthand marks stand for oft-quoted statements. A little arrow on my pad means: "The higher budget is due to mandatory increases over which we have no control." A supine stick-figure means: "We're not taking this lying down; we'll go all the way up to the Supreme Court if necessary!"

With scratches, blips, smears, and scrawls covering page after page of countless notebooks and sheet after sheet of crumpled copy paper throughout the land, government probers are in for a rough time. The big question remains unanswered—if the investigating teams get our notes, what on earth will they do with them? Dialogues such as the following are bound to occur:

AIDE (coming through the doorway with a stack of grubby notebooks): Well, Chief, we won the big one in court. We've got Williamson's notes for the whole year.

CHIEF: Fine, fine. We need all the dirt we can get. Tell me what you've got.

A: Errr—we don't exactly know yet, Chief. The only positive thing so far is beer stains.

C: Impossible! Let's see those. Two, four, nine whole pages of abstract drawings. Must be coded secret info. There's a date on the first page.

A: We checked that out. As far as we can determine, he covered a school board meeting that night.

C: Oh. Well, how about this notebook? Nervous, jiggly writing, worse than the rest. He was clearly under stress here.

A: We can't read the notes, but the boys think they're for a story he did on winter potholes. He made the notes riding around in highway department trucks.

C: We're getting nowhere. How about this? Two pages of normal scribbling and then the lines start to get wavy and longer. Looks like the sharp tip of the pencil broke here. And then the wavy line, thicker, starts up again, suddenly straightens out, and runs clear off the page!

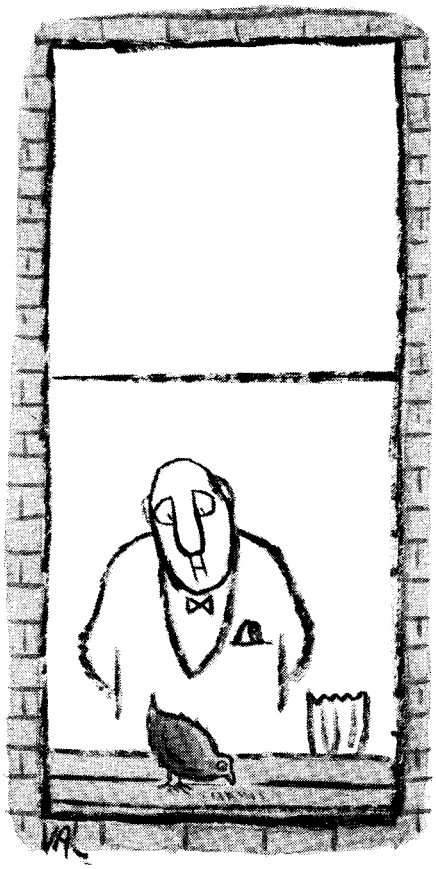
A: Chief, this is going to sound crazy, but we think he was covering a city council meeting and fell asleep. We checked the town hall, and the pencil line continues down the side of the table leg and along the floor. It looks like he toppled right out of his chair.

C: Ridiculous! It's some sort of sneaky reporter's trick to hamper our investigation. Don't just stand there; subpoena the floor boards!

—DERECK WILLIAMSON.

Mother Goose Tells Why She Fled Behind the Iron Curtain

I, MOTHER GOOSE, have escaped to Moscow because the American capitalist



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Nearly lost forever—this rare sculpture by Degas

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BECAUSE Degas worked in wax or clay and never bothered to cast his sculpture in bronze, much of it crumbled during his lifetime and was lost forever. Luckily, *Danse d'Espagne* survived and a small number of bronzes were cast a few years after the artist's death in 1917.

Now, from one of the original bronzes, part of the collection of The Sculpture Collectors Limited, a Foundry-Stone casting has been made of this masterpiece of form and captured motion. This work is not available except with membership in Sculpture Collectors. It is not for sale, and no more will be cast after these are spoken for.

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system was destroying my artistic integrity. Let me explain.

A few hundred years ago I wrote a story called "Jack and Jill." It was all about a boy and girl who went up a hill to fetch a pail of water. The boy fell down and broke his crown and the girl came tumbling after. A simple, unadorned tale of life in America as I saw it.

Naïve and inexperienced in the ways of the capitalist literary world, I submitted "Jack and Jill" to an important publisher. A month passed without a word. Then two months. Then six. One day, I was asked to call at the publisher's office.

"Mother Goose," the publisher said, "we are sorry your story is not suited to our present needs. Thank you for letting us see it."

Crushed, I clutched my manuscript to my breast and started to leave. But the publisher called me back. "Of course, if you made a few changes here and there," he said, "perhaps we might publish your story after all."

"Oh," I replied innocently. "What *kind* of changes?"

"Well, for one thing, Mother, your story could use a disguised celebrity or two—a few characters whose real identity the reader could get a vicarious thrill guessing at. For example, if you modeled this Jack character of yours after Frank Sinatra or Tony Bennett, you'd *have* something."

I shook my head.

"Listen," he insisted, "if Jackie Susann can do it, *you* can." He lit a fat, capitalist cigar and puffed on it pensively. Suddenly he banged his fist on his desk. "I've *got* it!" he announced. "We'll make Jack the head of a TV network and an active bisexual. And Jill is his office wife, his faithful, self-sacrificing secretary who eats her heart out every time Jack goes off the rails."

I told him this might confuse my pre-kindergarten readers, but he shook his head. And despite my protests, he locked me in a room with a typewriter, a cheeseburger, and an assistant editor, who dictated to me the revised version of my story. Six hours later, I couldn't believe my eyes. My story, renamed *The Queer Quarterback*, was now about a homosexual professional football player named Jack and his eight-day orgy with a lesbian call girl named Jill. And strangely enough, it was already number one on the best-seller lists. Not only that, but the paperback edition was in all the drugstores. And I was handed a schedule of guest appearances on three TV shows.

But that wasn't the worst of it. Against my will, they forced me to accept royalties of $5,000 a week. Plus such additional indignities as a town house on New York's East Side, a private plane, a $15,000 mink, a closetful of Dior gowns, and a stable of handsome bachelors to squire me around.

Furious, I returned to my publisher. "You have no right to do this!" I shouted. "No right to force me to accept all this money—and financial security — and influence — and luxury living. You're destroying my need to suffer!"

His only answer was to wave a signed contract before my eyes. The signature, a brazen forgery, read "Mother Goose."

Fighting back the tears, I thought of what would happen to all my other stories. How would they change "Humpty Dumpty"? And "Little Bo Peep"? And "Hickory Dickory Dock"? And "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary"? What would happen to "Little Jack Horner"? Could I ever really hope to *create* in this poisonous atmosphere?

All at once I knew what I had to do. On the pretext of visiting Acapulco, I flew to Mexico City. There I boarded a plane for Moscow, where I was met at the airport by two kindly old agents of the Soviet secret police carrying picnic baskets full of *blinchiki* and Beluga caviar.

In contrast, the Russian authorities, respecting my wishes, have given me a modest flat and are allowing me to live in peace and quiet. They have made only one request: They want me to write a story about a heroic young Soviet farmer who, for love of a Muscovite lady high jumper, exceeds his quota for producing horseradish on his collective farm.

I am to call the story "Jack and Jill."

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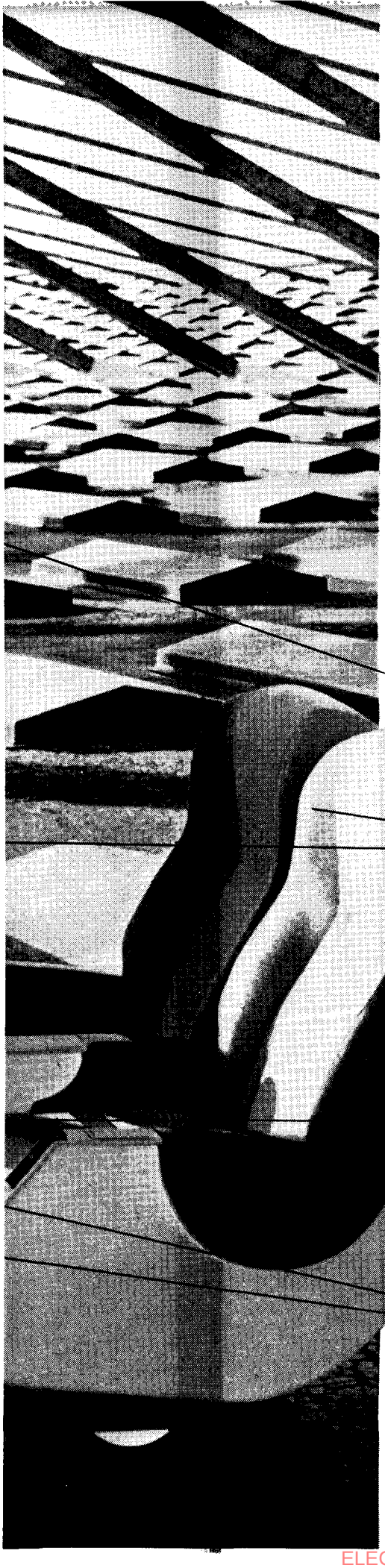

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Here Come de Judge

FOR MANY, many years kindly old grouchy Judge Julius J. Hoffman sat on a bench in Chicago and ran a tight, tidy courtroom. He dispensed judgments across the fountain of justice as if they were Coca-Colas. And he never made page 1. That rankled.

Year in and year out it was the same old regulation routine—"objection sustained," he said, or "objection overruled." Such momentous decisions never even made the pages of any annals of law.

Then one day into his presence shuffled seven defendants who, through their disreputable behavior, transformed Judge Hoffman's courtroom into an untidy shambles. The judge was uptight. Not only did this rankle, but he recognized it as the catalyst that would help him climb out of his anonymity. Stop the presses! Tear out the front page! Here come de judge!

Actually His Honor didn't recognize this bonanza himself. But I have it on the most suspicious authority that the judge was visited in his chambers following that first day by a public relations man.

"Judge," the PR man said, "do you realize what a bonanza you have here?"

"Two years for contempt of court," said the judge.

"No, no," replied the PR man, "I'm not a defendant. My beard fooled you. I'm in public relations. I'm here to help you climb out of your anonymity."

"Objection sustained," said the judge. "What do you mean?"

"With this trial, I can get you on page 1 of every newspaper in the world. How would you like that?"

"Well," replied the judge, pressing out the pleats in his robe, "I'd like it very much. For many years I have been dispensing judgments across the fountain of justice as if they were Coca-Colas, and I've never made page 1."

"Leave it to me. I'll make you a household word."

"Well now, just a minute," said the judge. "About that 'household word,' I think somebody else is using that right now."

"That's old stuff. You'll be a new face."

"Objection sustained," replied the judge. "Tell me more."

"I'll not only get you page 1, I'll have you on every television screen. I'll bring cameras into the court and zoom in on you on close shots to show your judicial reactions. And I'll—"

"No, no good," said the judge. "I've already ruled that there would be no television in my court."

"But TV is the 'in' medium. You should have TV coverage."

"Objection overruled."

"Well, no matter, Judge. I know a guy who can sneak in a small TV camera and sit in the back row."

"Well, I don't know," said the judge. "Is that legal?"

"Legal, shmeegal," shouted the PR man. "We're building an image here."

"Objection overruled," said the judge with a swipe of his gavel.

"OK, if you say so. Let me see—do you have any big names in this trial? I can get pictures of you posing with some celebrities."

"No. No big names. Just seven kids. And I certainly wouldn't pose with them."

"Well, that is a hang-up. If we—"

"Hey," interrupted the judge, "how's this? I'll subpoena Frank Sinatra."

"Sinatra? Is he mixed up in this?"

"No, he isn't, but it always works. Look how well those fellows did in New Jersey. Every newspaper headlined it."

"No, Sinatra won't go for that."

"Objection sustained. How would it be if I subpoenaed his daughter, Nancy?"

"She doesn't fit with this group."

"Why not? She wears boots."

"No, she's not relevant to the case."

"Relevant, shmelevant," shouted the judge. "You said we need a big name. Hey, how about Lauren Bacall?"

"Why Lauren Bacall?"

"Nothing. I happen to like her. A beautiful woman. Remember when she said 'play it again, Sam' in that picture with Hubert Humphrey?"

"That was Humphrey Bogart. But let's forget those celebrities, Judge. After all, this is an important trial to test the Constitutional rights of all defendants. Are they to be permitted to make a shambles of our courts, to interrupt due process with shouts and songs? Or, conversely, can a judge mete out unusually long sentences for contempt without a trial by jury? We need names of political stature. How about if I get you posed with Spiro Agnew commending you?"

"Well, that sounds pretty good. But keep that other thing in mind—Lauren Bacall. Beautiful woman."

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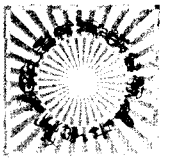

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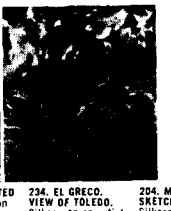

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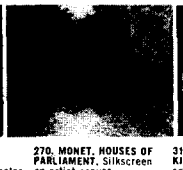

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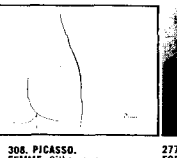

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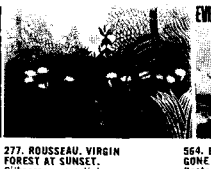

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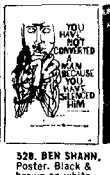

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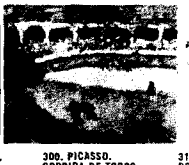

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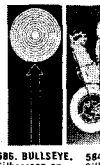

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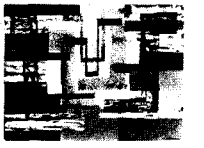

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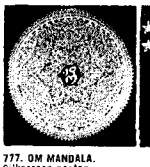

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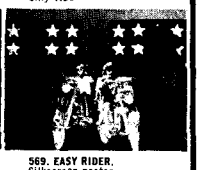

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FAMOUS LAMBERT GUARANTEE

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London Letter

Herbert R. Mayes

A Dickens Ferment

"CHARLES DICKENS was the grandson of a footman and a housemaid, the son of a feckless clerk and a shabby-genteel mother." He was born in 1812, died in 1870. In the years between, with *Sketches by Boz*, written at the age of twenty-one, *The Pickwick Papers* and *Oliver Twist* completed at the age of twenty-five, he became the most beloved and popular novelist in all the history of literature.

This centennial year will be observed in England with such a pealing of bells, production of plays, reading of parts, sound of music, display of pageantry, flow of oratory, and forgathering of notables as might greet the return to Earth of Queen Victoria to announce her reassumption of the throne. Not in living man's memory, perhaps not in recorded time, have such preparations been made to honor the life and work of any author.

For all the tumultuous celebration, the voices of skeptics and critics, always heard throughout Dickens's career, will nevertheless be raised once again. To the question of who created the most memorable characters, Dickens or Shakespeare, the response hardly will be unanimous. To the question, is Pickwick as universally known as Falstaff, Scrooge as Hamlet, there will be vigorous dissenting cries. To the question of whose mind, the novelist's or the playwright's, produced the greatest number of braggarts and bullies, waifs and wantons, heroes and villains, there will be passionate advocates for each.

In pubs and clubs, in social gatherings and university halls, the discussions and debates already are being heard, gay and cheerful, rude and fierce. A bewhiskered old soak stands on a soapbox in Speakers' Corner and defies anyone in the Hyde Park crowd to name a brute as evil and savage as Bill Sikes. Three animated ladies, emerging from a lecture on Dickens just concluded by Professor Philip Collins in the National Portrait Gallery, compare *Hard Times* then with hard times now. In the White Elephant, on Curzon Street, one can hear a quarrel over the validity of the names of Dickens's characters. "Rosa Bud," one groans, "and Miss Tox, Mrs. Prig, P. Toots, Montague Tigg—they are not names, they are absurdities." A hand slaps the table. "Is that so! Well, take a look in the directory and see what absurdities are *there*."

The London telephone directory is sent for. Pages are turned. Within two minutes, a happy Dickensian has found Joe Crutch, Fanny Shill, Jack Yeap, Mrs. A. Dupe, Bill Sny, Sam Smus, Carl Crimp. And then O. Twist, on Rosetta Street.

"Not only," says another admirer to a doubting Canadian, "are the names to be seen, but in living color and flesh and blood as are all the men and women who cavorted across the pages of Dickens's novels. I will walk you along Park Lane and Oxford Street," he says. "I will take you to Soho and the Strand, and you will see every one. Have tea at the Dorchester, pontificating at the next table will be Seth Pecksniff. Go to the Guinea for lunch, one of the waiters is Alfred Jingle. As likely as not, Christopher Nubbles occupies the stall next to yours at the Mermaid."

The nomenclature Dickens invented is being discussed around a table in the staid precincts of the Athenaeum Club in Pall Mall. "How can anyone in his right mind accept a name like Dickens's Zephaniah Scadder? Or Pumblechook or Quilp?" "No trouble at all," is the reply, "if you can accept Gibbie Goose and the lawyer Alibi from Scott, Partenopex Puff from Disraeli, Jenkins Gruffanuff from Thackeray, Obadiah Slope and Dr. Pessimist Anticant from Trollope, Tertius Ingpen and Louise Loggerheads from Bennett."

"Dickens," an antagonist grumbles, "and his Sophronia Abersham!"

"Let Dickens alone," a protagonist interrupts, "and think of Surtees and his Pigg and Lionel Lazytongs."

It went on, and never were the arguments different. Dickens has been called a poseur, referred to as unrestrainedly melodramatic, vulgarly sentimental. Whatever his shortcomings or virtues, in one area both devout supporters and irritated denigrators are in accord: Charles Dickens was the greatest storyteller of them all.

It is appropriate that England should be agog and feverish about the centennial. Beginning in June, more men, women, and children who visit the British Museum are likely to concentrate on the special Dickens exhibit than on the Elgin marbles. At noon on June 9 in Westminster Abbey, a memorial service will be conducted by his grave, and the other occupants of Poets' Corner will be, for the moment, ig-

(*Continued on page 66*)

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Colin Chapman chose the engine of the Renault 16 for his Lotus Europa.

And the quietness of the Renault 16 (which goes for a mere $2,395†) comes only in cars costing thousands more.*

Someone is sleeping in Detroit.

Road Test is an impartial magazine. At the time of this writing, it did not even take advertising. After exhaustive tests on the Renault 16, Road Test wound up suggesting that "all the automotive designers in Detroit be ordered to spend two weeks behind the wheel of this car in the hopes that their dormant imaginations might be sparked to life." Thank you, Road Test.

A textbook for Britain.

Stirling Moss has written: "There is no doubt that the Renault 16 is the most intelligently engineered automobile I have ever encountered and I think that each British motorcar manufacturer would do well to purchase one just to see how it is put together."

The Renault 16 happily consents to offering a course in Renault 16.

Where we made our points.

Needless to say, our car has impressed a lot of people. We'd like to tell you why.

Before our car was a car, it was a project. It was designed and built from scratch. Like the factory that makes it. So we didn't build a new car around old parts.

For better traction and superior road handling, the Renault 16 has front wheel drive with engine weight over the drive wheels.

Its engine gets a miserly 30 miles per gallon. But it does an honorable 93 mph, top speed.

Its unique 4-wheel independent suspension system has already put the 16's ride in a league with the Rolls Royce's.

The seats in the 16 were designed by a doctor and will challenge the comfort of any easy chair. They too have been compared with the Rolls'.

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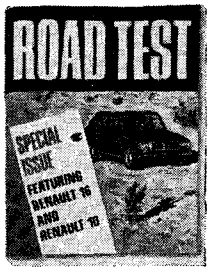
And finally, the sound of a Renault 16 running is very close to silence.

Extracurricular reading.

If any information still stands between you and a Renault 16, you can have Road Test's full report on it by sending in the coupon below.

But if you've read this far, we suspect you're at least ready for a test drive.



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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Our Advertisement of the Fortnight came from Mrs. Adele Fike of Cleveland, who took it from the directory of a national motel chain. Under a 100-room Valdosta, Georgia, motel, the directory noted:

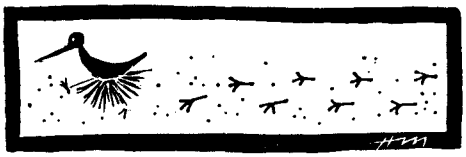
Honeymoon Suite	$28.00
Each Add. Pers.	2.00

Two can live as cheaply as one, we always say, even nowadays. What creeps up on you, though, are those darn Add. Pers. In any case, Our Sign of the Times was spotted in far-off Nairobi, Kenya, by an eagle-eyed Fund for Animals agent:

CARS PARKED IN FORBIDDEN AREAS WILL BE SPIRITED AWAY.

And we'll bet those tow-away spirits really do go bump in the night. Meanwhile, our Letter of the Fortnight was also an automotive one, albeit closer to home. It came from New York's Jack Orr. We quote it entire:

> A car was parked in our neighborhood near 95th and West End, and it was a patriotic spectacle. It was emblazoned with half a dozen little American flags and several red-white-and-blue stickers: MY COUNTRY, RIGHT OR WRONG, AMERICA: LOVE HER OR LEAVE HER, SUPPORT OUR LEADERS.
>
> The car was a Volkswagen.



Who wrote "The plural of spouse is spice"? Who wrote "Incessant publicity has turned us into a United States of Amnesia"? Who wrote "I hate to see men overdress; a man ought to look like he's put together by accident, not added up on purpose"? And, finally, who wrote "Dancing is wonderful training for girls; it's the first way you learn to guess what a man is going to do before he does it"?

If you answered Christopher Morley, go to the head of the class. Also, if you happen to be a student in a college or university on Long Island, you can go farther than that. You can enter an essay contest for a $100 prize (800 to 2,000 words on any aspect of Morley's life or work). The essays about the peerless essayist (and *SR* founder) must be in by April 24, addressed to The Christopher Morley Knothole Association, 44 The Birches, Roslyn, New York. Meanwhile, the chairman of the contest, Professor James A. Rogers, of the New York Institute of Technology, practically wrote an essay himself just telling us about his contest:

> A long time ago, Christopher Morley attacked idolatry when he wrested Parnassus from the gods and placed it on wheels. We who are young in heart remember the accomplishment, as well as the charm of a bookshop that spawned ghosts and foreign agents. Morley belonged to a great fancy. He lived with animals as well as with youth. Can we forget the dog who took over the helm of an ocean liner, rid it of its passengers, and pointed the prow toward freedom on the open sea? Can we discuss the literary development of America over the last half-century without raising the full and varied image of Christopher Morley, poet, columnist, dramatist, critic, novelist, innovator, and public servant?

Our Typo of the Fortnight was located by Mrs. Alta Martin, of Albuquerque, in the Albuquerque *Journal*:

> The American Bar Assn. at long last has endorsed legislation providing for removal of federal judges guilty of misconduct or suffering physical or mental ability.

No high-brow foolishness, she notes, tolerated here. For ourselves, what with all the trouble—first over Judge Fortas, then over Judge Haynsworth, and then over Judge Carswell—it seems to us that now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their High Court. For some time we, for example, have been out beating the bushes to turn up other possible candidates. We are not just beating *any* bushes, of course; we are concentrating on magnolias and cotton blossoms. Anyway, to make a long story short, we think we've found our man. Or, as so often happens in these talent searches, our man found us. We were driving through the town of Waxahatchee, Arkansas, and were arrested for trespassing. We were hauled up before the local Justice of the Peace, and the moment we laid eyes on him, we knew he was the one. Never been quoted on anything, no shady business deals, nothing. Tough-minded, too—in fact, he minded toughs so much that the tough in front of us was fined just for looking tough. But we don't want to give the impression that just because our man *is* a Justice of the Peace, he's *soft* on peace. Not a bit of it. He was, we learned, a veteran of two wars with other countries, and one with the neighboring county.

The only drawback we can see is that our Justice is not a young man. He was, on his last birthday, ninety-four. So, in fairness both to him and to our young people, who are, after all, entitled to a full court, we think he should be confirmed—*with all deliberate speed.*

Finally, with the opening of Japan's Expo and all those articles about Japan's exportise, it made us very nervous to read that every morning in Tokyo the employees of Japan's Matsushita Electric Company gather and sing the following song:

> *For building a new Japan*
> Let's put our strength and minds together.
> Sending our goods to the people of the world
> Endlessly and continuously,
> Like waters from a fountain.
> Grow, industry, grow, grow!
> Harmony and sincerity!
> Matsushita Electric!

We don't know the music, and we're probably not doing justice to the lyrics, but we do recall that we used to do that sort of thing in our country too. Remember the old IBM song?

> T. J. Watson, you're our leader fine,
> The greatest in the land.
> We sing your praises from our hearts,
> We're here to shake your hand.
> *You're IBM's bright guiding star,*
> Throughout the hemisphere.
> No matter what the future brings,
> We all will persevere.

That one was to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." Try it. But there were others. One was, we recall, "Pack Up Your Troubles, Mr. Watson's Here, and Smile, Smile, Smile." But no matter. The point is that now we seem to have given up our company songs, but Japan's company songs are going strong and Matsushita Electric is singing "Grow, industry, grow, grow!" There's a moral here, we're sure, but we prefer not to explore it. We prefer to think maybe it will just grow away.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1877)

A(LBERTA) P(IERSON) HANNUM:
LOOK BACK WITH LOVE

Springtime in the mountains used to mean a good big dose of cherry-bark bitters and whiskey for everybody in the family, from the granny-woman on down to the least one. It was tasty, toned you up, and was good for the system in general.

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"Esta es la casa que compró mi papá."

"This is the house my daddy bought." And Carlos is excited. He's getting a room of his own.

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Helping people build a better life

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Cities Can Work

"It would be laughable to suggest that any of our present city administrations could accomplish one-tenth of what the political machines accomplished during the period from the Civil War to World War I."

—Culver.

—Wide World.

Sanitation services then and now—"bureaucracies of unionized civil servants are strangling the cities."

by EDWARD N. COSTIKYAN

Why are the mayors all quitting?
Why are the cities all broke?
Why are the people all angry?
Why are we dying of smoke?
Why are the streets unprotected?
Why are the schools in distress?
Why is the trash uncollected?
How did we make such a mess?
—ANON.

This bit of verse sums up with commendable clarity and directness the problems of the cities as we enter a new decade. The answers are less clear, and the solutions still more obscure. But a misunderstanding of the causes of the trouble has led most urbanologists to a wholly ineffective and unlikely cure. For the nearly universal prescription would have the federal government provide massive financial assistance and take over as many city governmental functions as can possibly be palmed off upwards.

I doubt that the federal government will provide money in sufficient amounts to reconstruct our cities within the near future. Although some of a city's money problems, such as the costs of welfare, properly are financed in whole, instead of only in part, by the federal government, massive increases in federal aid would *not* solve a city's problems, but rather would be quickly ingested by the money-consuming monster that city government can become. Therefore, the causes of the crises within our cities demand a different type of federal help for two reasons: The predominant cause of city crises is the collapse and destruction of the political machine. The second cause is the shortage of a supply of cheap labor essential to the growth and life of any city.

The political machine was the institutional backbone of city government during the period in which our cities were built. It played a multitude of governmental roles. And it gave the average citizen the direct access to government services, which he cannot find today.

The base of the machine was the captain of the election district or precinct. He was in charge of a one- to two-block area for the party. And he was in charge year round. If a resident had a problem—a leaking ceiling, no water or heat, a son in trouble with the law, a shortage of cash or food—he turned to his neighbor the captain. The captain, if he himself could not deal with

EDWARD N. COSTIKYAN, a New York attorney and former leader of the Democratic Committee of New York County is author of *Behind Closed Doors: Politics in the Public Interest.*

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the problem, took the constituent to "the leader" at the local clubhouse. There the problem was explained, and the leader undertook to solve it. If it was a leaky roof, the leader called someone he knew in the appropriate city department—often someone the leader had placed there—explained the problem, and got action.

This power of lateral invasion into the bureaucracy made efficient administration of a large city possible. It kept the bureaucracy hopping. But it also encouraged corruption. The average citizen, however, was willing to tolerate a degree of corruption as the price of his having ready access to government services. But the more affluent members of society (the backbone of every reform movement), seeing in this lateral access to government services (and not needing those services) potential and actual corruption, set out to destroy that access and the system that produced it.

By and large, these efforts have succeeded in their intent. But we will never know whether their success represents, on balance, progress or retrogression, for all the histories of the political machines and their workings have been written from a reform orientation. It should be observed, however, in the absence of fairer contemporaneous data, that the political machines built the cities, paved their streets, dug their sewers, and piped their water supply systems. Furthermore, under the administration of the machines, mass transit systems, school systems, and massive developments of new housing were constructed.

It would be laughable to suggest that any of our present city administrations could accomplish one-tenth of what the political machines accomplished during the period from the Civil War to World War I.

The machine was also the source of manpower to staff the city government. Of course, the city jobs available to the machine were part of its lifeblood. But the reservoir of people with some training in city government was also a resource for the city—a resource whose absence today has contributed to the "mess" referred to in the verse. People untrained in government try to learn what it is all about while on the job, wandering in and out of office at a pace that staggers the minds of the citizenry. By and large, these untrained people find themselves unable to effectively control or direct the bureaucracy, and frequently they quit in frustration.

The reform answer to the machine as the personnel pool for government was the creation of a competing source of manpower: civil service. As long as civil service and the machine remained in competition for the staffing of the government, the administrative result was good. But with the collapse of the machine, civil service has monopolized the field, and the administrative results have been disastrous, for the bureaucracies have a double layer of protection that deprives any elected official of the power to get the bureaucrats to do their jobs. One layer is the impossibility of firing a civil servant. The other is the civil service unions, which have such power over the city—in the absence of alternative sources of manpower—that in the final analysis the bureaucracies are in a position to dictate to elected officials and their appointees. The bureaucrats can specify what they will and will not do (such as inspect boilers during a cold wave), what they will wear, and where they will work. The elected official (or his appointee) is at their mercy.

And these bureaucracies of unionized civil servants are strangling the cities. In New York City, for example, the police force has been doubled in the past fifteen years, although the population figures have remained almost constant. Fewer, not more policemen are on the line. There are supposedly six policemen for every one- to two-block election district in Manhattan. Tell that to a New Yorker and he'll laugh at you. He hasn't seen one of those policemen on the beat for years—unless it's to protect Khrushchev or Castro or the President of the United States. And then the question is, "Where did they all come from?"

There are fewer than 3,000 policemen assigned to duty on New York City streets (in cars or on foot) at any one time. (Put aside whether those assigned are where they are supposed to be.) One night last year, according to former Mayor Robert Wagner, there was not a single policeman on duty on the streets of Brooklyn. And the cost of all this "protection" has been estimated to be about $39 per citizen in New York City, as compared with about $13 per capita in a city of 100,000 people. When Mayor John Lindsay tried to change an archaic state statute that stipulated police be assigned to only three equal shifts, the police union first fought him in the state legislature, and lost. Ultimately, however, the union won by simply refusing to go along, and the fourth shift, which increases the number of police on duty during high crime periods, is now "voluntary" and is paid overtime.

The same phenomena of high costs, large numbers of employees with few on the line, rigidity, and immunity from discipline by elected officials or their appointees are found in every city department.

The cost of all this leaps and leaps. In New York City, the cost of providing essential services goes up every year by about 15 per cent, while revenues rise by less than 5 per cent. The result is the annual budget gap with which city dwellers are familiar, and which causes the cry for more federal money. New York City's budget, at $3-billion in 1965, is more than double that five years later. This $3-billion increase has not been absorbed by the cost of new services, but by the cost of existing programs. More federal aid will not solve the problem created by the capacity of the present bureaucracies to absorb more and more money for the same, or perhaps less, service.

The destruction of the political machine has left the unionized civil service bureaucracies with the same control over the life of the city that the machine once enjoyed and abused sufficiently to lead to the growth of civil service.

Finally, the destruction of the machine has left some governmental functions without anyone to perform them. The city's election machinery, for example, was once operated by the political parties. The parties, rather than the city, not only trained the election inspectors but paid them (the city paid a pittance, and still does, but the parties no longer can transform this pittance into reasonable compensation). The parties saw that the polls were open when they should be, and that the voting machines worked. True, the parties sometimes abused their power. There were conflicts of interest in primary elections where one faction or another selected the inspectors. (In the first primary in which I was elected a district leader, my opponent selected the thirty-two Democratic inspectors who, with thirty-two Republican ones, operated our sixteen polling places. I won, nonetheless.)

But the parties no longer are capable of performing this governmental function. And although some critics attribute breakdowns in the electoral machinery to the venality of the political machine, in fact, it is the result of incompetence.

The political consequences of the destruction of the machine are far more obvious than the governmental ones. The wave of upset victories in recent city primaries and elections all over the country is the obvious product of the death of the political party machines and party loyalty and party discipline.

The solution to all this is *not* the recreation of the political machines, an impossible task given the level of competence of their present leaders and personnel. Rather it is to stimulate alternative methods of performing the necessary governmental and political

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functions that the machines once performed.

The second major cause of the crisis of the cities has been the loss of a supply of cheap labor. This loss has not only escalated municipal government costs, but has posed the most serious threat to the capacity of the cities to survive.

Eliel Saarinen in his book *The City: Its Growth, Its Decay, Its Future* pointed out that the basic function of a city is to provide places for people to live and work. Indeed, without places to live, there can be no city.

The loss of a supply of cheap labor has eliminated the capacity of the city (here I mean not the city government, but the totality of its institutions) to provide the places for people to live. In New York City, residential construction has come to a halt—literally, not figuratively, for construction capital and labor can far more profitably be devoted to commercial construction, where rents of $16 per year per square foot can be earned.

Unless some solution is found to this problem, the city is doomed to a slow death as its existing supply of residential housing decays and becomes uninhabitable, and the city's people are pushed out.

The second major problem created by the loss of a supply of cheap labor has already been noted—the 15 per cent increase in the costs of city government each year. Once city employment was attractive to ambitious young men as well as to security-seeking citizens. There was a surplus of cheap labor. Jobs were impermanent in a non-unionized volatile economy, and many offered little in the way of a future. Lower paying government jobs were attractive. They provided security and a step up the ladder. That is no longer true. To get people to work for it, the city must now compete with and attempt to match the private sector. As a result, the costs of city government have skyrocketed, and will continue to skyrocket sufficiently to absorb all that giant transfusion of federal aid to the cities that everyone calls for, and that is supposed to be on the way.

Again, the solution is not to re-create a supply of cheap labor by having a nice little recession (a solution the Nixon administration more and more appears to be pursuing). Rather the creation of alternative work forces, not drawn from the existing high cost labor supply, seems essential.

So much for the causes of the crisis. What are the cures?

On the governmental level, the first task is to create a device to perform the function once provided by the machine of giving the citizen direct lateral access to his government. The most popular proposal to accomplish this has been called decentralization. I prefer to call it reallocation of government functions. The proposal is that each government function will be assigned to the lowest and smallest governmental entity qualified to perform it. Under this approach, basic government services, such as police patrolling, street cleaning, and parking and housing enforcement, will be overseen by a local administrator in charge of a district of about 100,000 people. Other services, such as those dealing with air and water pollution, would be administered on a regional basis. In between, city or county governments would perform those functions they are best capable of.

The details of such a reorganization of city government are far too complex to deal with here. But essential to the proposal is the notion that the local administrator be elected by and be responsible to the voters whose streets he is supposed to keep clean and safe, that the existing civil service bureaucracies be eliminated, that their functions and personnel be reassigned to the appropriate level of government—local, city, county, or regional—and that the elected administrator of each level of government be given substantially greater power over those he supervises than city officials now have over unionized civil servants, who also possess a fair amount of political power.

Finally, the proposal envisages the creation of local district councils consisting of approximately eighty committeemen. These committeemen would each represent an election district (or precinct)—one to two city blocks (about 1,500 people). The committeemen would be part-time city employees elected by their neighbors. They would act much as the old captain did; if there were a problem about a leaky roof or a dirty street, the committeeman would be the person to see. He would have direct access to the local administrator, as his predecessor the captain had to the leader. Similar proposals have been made elsewhere. In Los Angeles, a similar recent proposal gives the committeeman the unwieldy but descriptive title of "neighborhoodman."

Since the committeeman would be an elected official, he would be far more sensitive to constituents' problems than any remote unionized civil servant downtown. And if the committeeman was *not* more sensitive, he could hardly survive the next election.

It is hoped that this reallocation of government functions will achieve a number of salutary effects:

- humanizing the presently impersonal government furnished by most cities to their citizenry;

- eliminating the bureaucratic rigidity and waste of manpower that have characterized increasingly centralized city government;

- placing responsibility for city government on identifiable individuals subject to popular control and, when appropriate, to removal from office by those they are supposed to be serving;

- reducing the cost of government by eliminating the layers of administrators, which result, for example, in less

(*Continued on page* 39)

"Sorry, I'm dated for the protest rally and the dissenting demonstration, but I'm free for the confrontation with the administration."

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Saturday Review

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Decade of Hope, Legacy of Health

The year 1970 celebrates the first decade of the good ship *S. S. Hope*, that fabulous unofficial medical-hospital envoy that has done so much to create good will for and a legacy of health from the United States. In the past ten years *Hope*'s doctors, nurses, and technicians have trained 5,415 physicians, surgeons, dentists, nurses, and technical experts in foreign lands; treated 130,618 persons overseas; conducted 13,956 major operations; benefited nearly 3.5 million underprivileged people through immunization, examination, and other services; and distributed over 2,530,000 cartons of milk. Since *Hope*'s first voyage, 1,578 American medical personnel have served with the project. The *S. S. Hope* has been in Tunisia since last September and will return to the United States next July. Meanwhile, shore programs continue in five of the countries already visited by the great hospital ship—Peru, Ecuador, Nicaragua, Colombia, and Ceylon. Other follow-up programs have been completed in Indonesia, Vietnam, and the Republic of Guinea. It's been quite a ten years!

In Ceylon, *Hope* has just concluded its most comprehensive treatment and teaching program to date. Some 70,000 children received immunization against tetanus, whooping cough, and diphtheria—three particular devils in that warm region. More than 3,000 patients were treated in the ship's dental department; the medical staff took care of 1,700 patients aboard ship and, with Ceylonese counterparts, completed some 2,280 operations. During the Ceylon visit, *Hope*'s permanent staff of 135 U.S. specialists conducted educational exchange programs with more than 1,150 Ceylonese medical and paramedical counterparts on board ship and throughout the island.

Perhaps most dramatic of *Hope*'s contributions in Ceylon was open heart surgery. Working hand in hand with Ceylonese surgical specialists, *Hope*'s thoracic surgeons performed heart-valve replacements, which marked a milestone in the history of the island nation. These and many another operation conducted in Colombo General Hospital attracted wide attention in the Ceylonese press as each new surgical procedure was first performed by U.S. physicians, with Ceylonese surgeons assisting. Local surgeons operated in subsequent cases with *Hope* physicians assisting. The day before the *S. S. Hope* departed for the United States, long, snakelike lines formed on the docks, made up partly of people seeking last-minute relief from their suffering and partly of those who wished to thank the permanent staff for its miraculous services to an island population that rarely sees a doctor of any sort.

Soon after the arrival of *Hope* at the port of La Goulette, Tunisia, for a ten-month training and treatment mission, unprecedented rains inundated much of southern Tunisia, leaving 100,000 Tunisians homeless and 500 dead. In ten days Tunisia received the equivalent of ten years' rainfall, and typhoid quickly became a major threat. Project Hope vaccinated more than 76,000 flood victims and trained twenty-five vaccination-sanitation teams to go on from there. No visitor or ship could have arrived at a better time or have performed a greater public health service.

Over the past decade, Project Hope has successfully completed teaching and treatment programs in the fields of medicine, dentistry, and auxiliary medical specialties on four continents. The ship of Hope has visited Indonesia, South Vietnam, Peru, Ecuador, Guinea, Nicaragua, Colombia, Ceylon, and, most recently, conducted a project at home in the United States—with Mexican-Americans and Navajo Indians in Arizona. In Ganado, Arizona, Hope is developing a broad program including the assumption of full administrative responsibility for the fifty-five-bed Sage Memorial Hospital. Hope is sponsoring an associate arts nursing program in the Navajo Community College with a degree to be recognized by the state's bureau licensing authorities. To the normal medical curriculum Hope has added required subjects taught locally by Indian faculty members — this because Project Hope has learned by now that it is absolutely essential to enrich technology training with instruction leading toward a reverence for the history and traditions of the host culture.

Obviously, you won't find the *S. S. Hope* listed in any book of great fighting ships or glamorous cruise boats. She's a white, 15,000-ton vessel, originally the U.S. Navy ship *Consolation*; her 520 feet brim and bulge with operating rooms and the very latest in hospital equipment, including beds for 108 patients and a machine that converts powdered milk into one-pint liquid cartons. How far along our world would be toward the elusive dream of peace if all the ships that now carry atomic weapons, that can shell a beach, sink a convoy, and escort troops, were built and assigned to do what *S. S. Hope* has done in good neighborliness in a single decade. At the cost of a single day's military spending by the United States we could operate twenty *S. S. Hope*s around the world for a whole year with fantastic dividends for peace and a growing legacy of health from the world's kindest traveler. —RICHARD L. TOBIN.

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Letters to the Editor

One World Communication

I READ with interest Richard L. Tobin's editorial "Getting to Know Each Other Better" [*SR*, Mar. 7]. May I make two comments and tell a story?

Samuel Morse's first outdoor line was south of Poughkeepsie, where he lived. He and a neighbor down the road—Westervelt—undertook to erect an outdoor line between their houses. They wrapped the bare wire with strips from torn up old clothes. They nailed it to fence posts. Starting at Westervelt's house they ran it north. Part way the wire gave out; so Morse fastened his instrument to it outdoors and they communicated. I owned the Westervelt house back in the 1920s, and know the story as told me by Westervelt's relative is correct.

Joseph Henry's first line was a mile of wire run around the large assembly hall in the Albany Academy, where he was a science teacher. He sent a signal over it, but didn't have the imagination to see that it could be used to send messages to a distance. There is a bronze tablet outside of the building. I attended school there and was present in 1909 when the tablet was dedicated.

Back in 1916, I was manager of the Wright Company in Dayton. Wilbur was dead, but Orville came in nearly every day to use our research facilities. He had sold out some years before. He usually stopped at my desk, and we talked. One morning he came in and stood stiffly and with such a sad expression on his face that I thought somebody had died in the family. I asked, "What is the matter, Mr. Wright?" And he gave the rather startling answer: "I wish that I had never invented the airplane. They have used it to bomb a marked Red Cross hospital in France."

The Wrights were motivated as much by the one world concept as they were in trying to solve a mechanical problem.

MILTON WEND,
Edgartown, Mass.

Practicalities of Transformation

FRANK K. KELLY in "The Possibilities of Transformation" [*SR*, Mar. 7] presents a refreshing and optimistic view of the future. Mr. Kelly seems to base his optimism upon a unity that is reflected by the growing concerns over such issues as pollution, overpopulation, and expansion of food production. Involved in this unity are a new awareness and acceptance of mankind.

What I question are those inhabitants of this earth who are not awakening—those who continue to sleep. I also question those who do not sleep but seem to expound a false awakening: those who do not sleep and continue to involve us in war; use their power to undermine human compassion; allow the poor to get poorer and the hungry to starve. It would seem that this "Mankind II" (as Kelly has called it) consists of a state of divided unity, divided in commitment, power, motives, and opinions. A division that is *not* based upon acceptance; a division most apparent in our own country.

The proposed Council for Humanity appears to be an excellent concept. However, should we not begin to bridge our own gaps at home before we can expect other nations to join us? I believe that the establishment of an international council would be jumping the gun, and that the council's first task must be to help enhance a true unity on a national level.

CAROL LOWE,
Syracuse, N.Y.

IF "we" are changing as fast as Frank Kelly says, conclusions of his proposed Council for Humanity, as "spokesmen for mankind," would be obsolete by the time the council could draw them up.

In any case, what imaginable could be a duller life than that proposed by Mr. Kelly? "The people of the earth would be urged to write to the council, giving their views and their ideas for speeding the developement of a world civilization." Is that all? Alas, are we to be reduced to *writing* to the Council for Humanity?

World television and the world press "would be asked," says Kelly, to publicize (broadcast and print) "statements by council speakers." Ghastly dullness and horrors! Are we to be doomed to reading "statements or extensive summaries" of the Council for Humanity? *The Congressional Record* is bad enough.

No, I will not accept *SR's* invitation "to write Frank Kelly, c/o The Center. . . . " What? The Center of the World? Holy horrors!

RODERIC VERAMENDI,
Austin, Tex.

Private Stake in the Arts

RE: Roger L. Stevens in "America's Stake in the Arts" [*SR*, Feb. 28]. Stop! Before suggesting a federal subsidization of $5-billion per year for the arts, look at what communities that care about culture are doing to keep the arts flourishing.

Modeling their efforts after St. Louis, Missouri's successful fund-raising campaign for the arts, San Diego, California's COMBO, an organization composed of people from all walks of life, raised half a million dollars through two auctions, one in 1965 and another in 1967, for the local arts. This coming May, concerned citizens will conduct a door-to-door, office-to-office, person-to-person campaign to aid the performing arts with a goal of $500,000. Twenty-two other cities such as Seattle, Washington, Minneapolis, Minnesota, and Louisville, Kentucky, can all cite similar success stories in keeping their cultural climate healthy, solvent, and accessible to all.

When private citizens feel that culture is a vital part of our civilization and that the responsibility rests upon the adult generation to pass it on to their children, then the arts will flourish without government subsidy.

MARY A. BENNETT,
La Mesa, Calif.

"... and to my nephew, the hot shot liberal, I leave my tennis shoes."

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SR Goes to the Movies

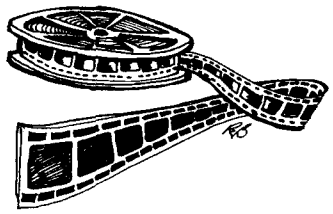
Hollis Alpert

Harold's Birthday

A TIME-TESTED dramatic and comedic device is to give a party for someone, and, depending on what subsequently transpires, the course can be run toward either hilarity or pathos. In *The Boys in the Band*, taken directly and with little change from Mart Crowley's stage success, there are both hilarity and pathos, but the hilarity generally has a sour note, and the pathos seems forced. And, while the acting of a cast of eight ranges from good to superb, the filming under the direction of William Friedkin has a way of exposing the artifices of the play's construction.

This may have occurred because Mr. Crowley, who served both as adapter and producer of the film, understandably did not want to tamper with success. When first staged two years ago, the play was regarded as the frankest treatment of homosexuality to hit the boards. Not only did it deal with homosexuals somewhat sympathetically, it also, less sympathetically, took their pretensions for a campy ride. All that is in the film, and most of Mr. Crowley's witty and acerbic dialogue, some of which he has updated in line with current standards of frankness.

What one doesn't get is any real sense that a film has been created, although the beginning offers promise. We see several of those invited to a birthday party for Harold heading toward Michael's apartment, where the party will be held. Harold, according to his own definition of himself, is "a thirty-



two-year-old, ugly, pock-marked Jew fairy," and it is rather a pity that he doesn't arrive earlier in the film, because when he does his impersonator, Leonard Frey, takes malevolent charge of the proceedings. In his high, whining, vaguely fatigued voice he further explains himself with: "and if I smoke a little grass before I can get up the nerve to show this face to the world, it's nobody's goddamn business but my own." Mr. Frey is priceless. He all but carries the film on his sagging shoulders.

But Mr. Friedkin, after proving that he can move his camera around effectively, all too quickly settles for the form of the play as originally written, which means that it is confined to a single setting—Michael's Manhattan apartment, with a terrace added, and, fortuitously, two telephones with separate numbers. Those telephones are clearly necessary so that the "truth game" may be played, an indulgence of truly extraordinary masochism and one which all too neatly reveals the various hang-ups and self-hatreds of the participants in the party. Guilt eventually undoes everyone but Harold, who walks off with his "gift," a young Texan hustler.

One other problem handicaps this literate exposé of what purports to be the homosexual milieu, and, for it, we have only the times to blame. So much frankness, nudity, obscenity, and what was once known as pornography have engulfed us in the mere two years since the play was presented that the tears shed by Michael over the awfulness of his love and sex life have a crocodilian tinge. In fact, the attitude of the film toward its characters—that they are more to be pitied than censured—seems rather unnecessary during these ultraliberated days.

After the sickishly violet atmosphere of *The Boys in the Band*, it is almost a pleasure to encounter the greedy, crime-ridden world of *The Sicilian Clan*, a French film, directed by crime specialist Henri Verneuil, that has been drawing the crowds in Europe. Deservedly so, I would say, for here we are in familiar cinematic territory, peopled by such familiar cinematic faces as those of Jean Gabin, Lino Ventura, and Alain Delon. The resemblance to *The Godfather*, which its title might imply, is slight. The movie is pure thriller all the way, and the "family" headed by Jean Gabin seems almost quaint in contrast to the American types we have been reading about in the papers lately.

The high points include an escape from an armored police van by the murderous Alain Delon, a baffled pursuit by special commissioner Lino Ventura, and a cleverly involved robbery of several million dollars' worth of jewels belonging to Van Cleef & Arpels and other famous emporiums. Well acted, colorful, and fast-moving all the way, the movie has an ending that proves that crime does and does not pay, a solution that should be pleasing to just about everyone.

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"I don't care if it fits, Donald. I'm certain SR wouldn't allow dirty words in the Double-Crostics."

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A Seismic Moment in Cinematic History

by HENRY S. RESNIK

GOING STEADY, by Pauline Kael *(Atlantic-Little, Brown, 304 pp., $6.95)*; **A YEAR IN THE DARK: Journal of a Film Critic 1968-69, by Renata Adler** *(Random House, 355 pp., $7.95)*; **THE FILM DIRECTOR AS SUPERSTAR, by Joseph Gelmis** *(Doubleday, 316 pp., $6.95, paperback, $3.50)*; **THE MAKING OF KUBRICK'S "2001," edited by Jerome Agel** *(Signet/NAL, 367 pp., paperback, $1.50).*

Books about movies are no longer a novelty (the list gets bigger every year); but among the recent crop four have so much to say about the state of the industry and the medium that they comprise a valuable comment on an important moment in film history. Of course, a comment on film history is a comment on human history as well; movies are an art form of unprecedented vitality, the first truly democratic art form, one in which we see our civilization from an infinite number of viewpoints.

The particular moment in question is aptly defined by Pauline Kael's *Going Steady* and Renata Adler's *A Year in the Dark*. Both books consist of movie reviews and articles written between January 1968 and February-March 1969. Kael and Adler started new jobs as movie critics, at *The New Yorker* and *The New York Times* respectively, on almost the same day. Adler had never worked as a film critic before and left the *Times* fourteen months later, having had "about enough." Kael has been in the business since 1953, has already published two other books of movie criticism, and happily continues.

It was an exciting time for seeing and writing about movies. Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey*, Godard's *La Chinoise* and *Weekend*, Buñuel's *Belle de Jour, The Graduate, Faces, Warrendale, Yellow Submarine, If . . .*—all were premiered within that period, and nearly all were reviewed by both Kael and Adler. (Kael's column appeared once a week, but Adler reviewed movies every other day and wrote a "think" piece for the *Times*'s Sunday entertainment section.) *Faces* and *2001* in particular are landmark films, works of such startling originality and importance that they will probably influence movie-making for a long time to come.

Kael and Adler avoided the consumer-report type of review, and brought to their criticism an almost infallible clarity of mind and a sense of artistic and historical perspective. It would, therefore, be doubly wrong to evaluate their work in terms of a mere commodity. In fact, while their books nearly duplicate each other in subject matter, they are so strikingly different that neither could be said to be "better."

Going Steady certainly has the edge, however, in readability. Pauline Kael is a dyed-in-the-wool movie nut; she writes about movies—good, bad, arty, or crassly commercial—with passion and gusto. "Going steady" is an understatement; this is a love affair.

It is not one of your calm, dreamy love affairs. It's filled with brilliant insights into the lover's character, occasional moments of adoration, and an awful lot of brutally eloquent nagging. Few modern writers are so skilled in consummate bitchery. One can almost hear the author saying, "I'm really crazy about this bastard. If only he'd go out and earn a decent living. He has so much *potential*."

She is usually disappointed, of course. Her standards are almost too high, but most of the movies reviewed in *Going Steady* are pretty bad by anybody's standards. In Kael's view, only

HENRY S. RESNIK is the author of *Turning On the System*, to be published by Pantheon in May.

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Bergman's *Shame* deserves virtually—but not entirely—unqualified praise. She also admires *Funny Girl*, for Barbra Streisand's "triumph"; *Pretty Poison*, "a good little movie"; *Planet of the Apes*, "one of the best science-fiction fantasies ever to come out of Hollywood"; *Weekend*, *Oliver*, and a few others of greater or lesser importance. She is far from demanding "art" from the medium, or noble ambitions, or whatever tries to pass for art. On the contrary, her largely unstated esthetic seems to ask for little more than absolute honesty on the part of the film's creators and total artistic integrity in the product itself; the film can even be merely entertaining if that's all it wants to be.

But woe to the hypocrites and bunglers—and those Kael doesn't happen to like because they offend her taste. Woe to Stella Stevens, in *Sebastian*: "With a forced, ticky little grin, she pushes out her front the way Doris Day stuck out behind. Cleavage is cleavage, whether it's coming or going." Woe to Sandy Dennis, in *Sweet November*: "She's an icky little rabbit Babbitt." Woe to Omar Sharif, in *Mayerling*: "Perhaps stars like these could be bred, like broad-backed circus horses, or minks." And woe to everybody involved in *Ice Station Zebra*:

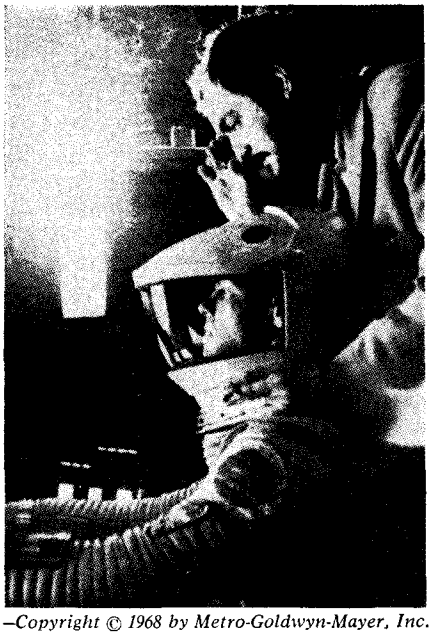
> The submarine commander (Rock Hudson) is given his top-secret special assignment by his superior, who asks, "Jim, just how much do you know about Ice Station Zebra?" We're in purest old Hollywood, with such exquisite locutions as "Something's gone wrong up there, that's for sure." One of my least favorite actors (Ernest Borgnine) delivers my favorite example of Douglas Heyes's screenwriting: "Aha!" I hadn't heard a real "Aha!" like that in years.

The rarity of an excellent film or performance is more or less a "given," however; therefore, Kael is constantly on the lookout for more interesting insights, and the movies become take-off points. In one essay she discusses the influence of television techniques on movie-making; in another, the translation of books into film. There are long digressions into film history and, in the review of *Weekend*, a piercing summation of Godard's career ("... like Joyce, Godard seems to be a great but terminal figure."). The book also includes a lengthy essay, originally published in *Harper's*, entitled "Trash, Art and the Movies," which amounts to an elaborate statement of why she fell in love with movies in the first place.

Perhaps most important, there is the sense throughout of a life spent in fervent communion with those images on the screen—a quality in Kael's writing that easily transcends whatever she is saying about movies here and now. When she writes about Katharine Hepburn in *The Lion in Winter*, for example (". . . she draws upon our feelings for *her*, not for the character she's playing. When Hepburn, the most regal of them all, contemplates her blotches and wrinkles with tears in her anxious eyes, it's self-exploitation, and it's horrible."), it is as if she were writing about a part of herself. Pauline Kael's reviews could almost be a clandestine autobiography; because she writes so well, they are often profoundly moving.

If Pauline Kael is in love with movies and pursues them wherever they go, Renata Adler is more like a bachelor girl whose mother has asked her to show an eligible son of a friend around town: she'll do it as a favor and she'll do it thoroughly, but even if she likes the guy she doesn't want to get involved. Fortunately, Adler has such an interesting mind that the lack of real involvement almost doesn't matter. What one misses in *A Year in the Dark*, when comparing it with *Going Steady*, is the zing of all those gorgeous sentences and the sheer delight in movies and memories; but Adler more than makes up for this with the originality of her approach.

Renata Adler had enough freedom at the *Times* to interpret the job of movie critic as broadly as she wanted to. Whether her apparent lack of enthusiasm for the daily review was due to her reluctance just to sit in movie theaters all the time, or whether it was due to the severe limitations of the review form, she managed to find a large number of entertaining alternatives. She did a bitterly satirical piece on the film library of the New York City Board of Education. She covered the riots at the Cannes and Venice film festivals. She was in Paris after the invasion of Czechoslovakia and wrote about the warm welcome the young Parisian film-makers gave to numerous Czech refugees. She saw movies in theaters all over New York City and described the ambiance; she reviewed underground films and skin flicks. And finally, as a sort of parting shot, she did an excellent series of articles on the arts in Cuba. A considerable portion of *A Year in the Dark* consists of these noncritical journalistic sorties; it was not a year entirely in the dark after all.



—Copyright © 1968 by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Inc.
Stanley Kubrick with Gary Lockwood on set of "2001"—"shockingly revolutionary."

More a propagandist than a critic, Renata Adler actually spent most of her fourteen months on the *Times* sharpening political and cultural axes. Although her reports from abroad are written in the style of news articles, they have an unmistakable rebel slant. Back home she argued for an American equivalent of the famous Paris Cinémathèque and devoted many of her Sunday columns to the connection between recent films and various political and social issues. It was refreshing for *Times* readers, but for Adler it was the wrong job—most of the movies she had to review offered little challenge to her particular sensibilities, and, unlike Pauline Kael, she couldn't get really angry about petty details. The liveliest reviews in *A Year in the Dark* are the blast she leveled at John Wayne's *The Green Berets* and her paean to Godard's anti-war *Les Carabiniers*. "In this country," she writes in an essay about reviewing movies, "where film is regarded simultaneously as high art and something pleasant and frivolous, like a candy bar, nearly everyone is a film critic. . . ." The statement seems devoid of self-awareness, even though it comes quite near the end of the book.

Few people will want to plow through *A Year in the Dark* and *Going Steady* in order to compare them for a simple "yes" or "no" on various movies, but it is worth noting that Kael strongly disliked both *Faces* ("lumpen-artists' anti-intellectualism") and *2001* ("a monumentally unimaginative movie"), while Adler raved about the former ("a movie so good that one can hardly believe it") and was even more hostile to the ("boring") latter. The revolutionary essence of *Faces* is debatable, but at this point it can only be an embarrassment for a critic to have panned *2001* when it was first shown. Pauline Kael, who is often scornful of the self-consciously modern, criticized the Kubrick film for its obvious anti-humanism. As an observer of the counterculture, Renata Adler considers herself in touch with what's happening—she

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describes her position as the "radical middle"—but even she saw the film in the context of the familiar. *Faces* is as far as the radical middle will go.

It's a curious paradox that, while *Faces* and *2001* are at almost opposite poles esthetically and philosophically, they both represent the most important development in American moviemaking of the last decade—the growing dominance in the commercial field of the "personal" film. The personal film is first and foremost the director's film, the opposite of the studio products that Hollywood still turns out, assembly-line style, with the help of boss-producers and lots of little slaves—writers, directors, cameramen, and technicians (even the stars are slaves of a kind). Now, of course, big-budget studio films are close to death (the studios are even canceling productions on which work has already begun), for the economy is against them—more important, so are culture and taste.

In *The Film Director as Superstar* Joseph Gelmis offers an indirect but detailed rationale for the rise of the personal film. Although there isn't much of the studio system left to attack, the book defines, through tape-recorded interviews with sixteen of the most dynamic contemporary filmmakers—including Norman Mailer, John Cassavetes, Roman Polanski, Arthur Penn, Richard Lester, Mike Nichols, and Stanley Kubrick—, the conditions that led to a general disenchantment with the Hollywood ethic and the numerous alternatives these men are now making popular. It is "must" reading for anyone seriously interested in movies.

Unlike Andrew Sarris, who merely edited the popular *Interviews with Film Directors*, Gelmis did all the interviews in this book himself. The result is a single unifying theme—the intransigency of the studio system and the new forms created by the anti-Establishment directors. In addition, it's rich with behind-the-camera gossip about technique, production, distribution, and the directors' lives. Some of them are young and relatively unknown, with one or two promising films to their names; others, like Roger Corman, who has directed more than fifty films, have been working in movies for decades. Andy Warhol, at one end of the spectrum, is still "underground" despite all the publicity that attends him, and Corman, at the other, has spent his entire career inside "the industry."

For most of the sixteen, individuality has been a risky business, if only for financial reasons. Mailer lost $50,000 of his own money on his first film, *Wild 90*. With only fifty-six hours to raise backing for the scheduled filming of *If . . .*, after CBS suddenly withdrew its support, Lindsay Anderson and his co-producer made a mad dash through the corporation circuit and finally got the money from Gulf and Western's Charles Bludhorn. *David Holzman's Diary*, the prize-winning first feature of Jim McBride, was made for $2,500. But lack of money hasn't been the only problem: Robert Downey's *Putney Swope* nearly collapsed as a result of hassles with unions, while Jim McBride's first film, plagued by distribution difficulties, has yet to be shown in a commercial theater.

Although *The Film Director as Superstar* is crammed with useful anecdotes, it suffers from its singlemindedness. Like some of the new moviemakers themselves, Gelmis is experimenting with spontaneity, but his questions seem to spring too often from his own preconceptions rather than an awareness of his subjects. In the final interview Kubrick is deadpan and merely informative; in contrast, a *Playboy* interview with Kubrick, devoted to extraterrestrial life instead of movies, finds him eloquent.

At any rate, Gelmis's technique produces some raw, vital moments. He caught a wretched Francis Ford Coppola a few hours before the disheartening première of his *Finian's Rainbow*, for example, and the Warhol piece is an instant classic that features such thought-provoking exchanges as the following:

> G: There's an element of confession and of autobiography in almost everything you film. The people who act for you seem to be constantly confessing. What's your fascination with the confession?
>
> W: They're just people who talk a lot. . . .
>
> G: Why did you make a movie like *Sleep* about a guy who sleeps for eight hours?
>
> W: This person I knew slept a lot.

Capturing whatever "person" one can in an off-the-cuff interview and filming semi-improvised scenes on the basis of a bare plot outline or script (as in *Faces*) are both reflections of a growing trend in the arts generally: a passionate evocation of the "real" and "human." Especially when the personal film adopts the *cinéma-vérité* style of *Faces*, the form is a concrete statement of sincerity and a communal probing for genuine humanity. The next step for this particular aspect of the new cinema can only be filmed encounter groups—unedited. Even the more conventional staged and written personal films make the same assertion, however; they, too, are an alternative to "the system." How ironic, then, that Gelmis concludes *The Film Director as Superstar* with these words from Stanley Kubrick:

> . . .anyone can make a movie who has a little knowledge of cameras and tape recorders, a lot of ambition and—hopefully—talent. It's gotten down to the pencil and paper level. We're really on the threshold of a revolutionary new era in film.

What is Kubrick doing to help the revolution along? At the time of the Gelmis interview he was working on a movie about Napoleon (according to the MGM office, now "temporarily shelved") that would include, among

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

PHRASEMAKERS

All of these "in" phrases were originated—or, at the very least, popularized—by the authors cited below. Julie Shanker of Flushing, N.Y., wants you to make the right attributions. The key is on page 38.

1. "global village" ( )
2. "the lonely crowd" ( )
3. "the affluent society" ( )
4. "high camp" ( )
5. "angry young men" ( )
6. "the culture of poverty" ( )
7. "feminine mystique" ( )
8. "third world" ( )
9. "the other America" ( )
10. "conspicuous consumption" ( )
11. "the crisis of the cities" ( )
12. "participatory democracy" ( )
13. "the power elite" ( )
14. "identity crisis" ( )

a. Erik Erikson
b. Frantz Fanon
c. Betty Friedan
d. John Galbraith
e. Michael Harrington
f. Jane Jacobs
g. Oscar Lewis
h. Herbert Marcuse
i. Marshall McLuhan
j. C. Wright Mills
k. John Osborne
l. David Riesman
m. Susan Sontag
n. Thorstein Veblen

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other things, "choreographic" battle scenes involving 40,000 extras or more. "We have to find a country which will hire out its own armed forces to us," Kubrick told Gelmis. "Once we find a receptive environment, there are still great logistic problems—for example, a battle site would have to be contiguous to a city or town or barracks area where the troops we'd use are already bivouacked. Let's say we're working with 40,000 infantry—if we could get forty men into a truck, it would still require a thousand trucks to move them around. . . ."

Here the "personal" moviemaker has come full circle; having asserted his individuality against a factory-like studio dominated by a tycoon producer, the personal moviemaker has evolved into a new breed of tyrant. It is significant that others similarly motivated usually double or triple the budget of each consecutive film. Who can be satisfied with $2,500 budgets when Stanley Kubrick is the model of success? While economic conditions may force Kubrick to be relatively modest with his current *A Clockwork Orange*, he is an overreacher—he will be back with titan-sized films as soon as he can raise the money.

2001 is a great movie, a beautiful movie, and a shockingly revolutionary movie, but it has no humanity at all. People talk about the brilliant "special effects" as if one could somehow separate them from the rest; in fact, *2001* is nothing *but* special effects. Whether they know it or not, the adorers who "trip out" on *2001* by seeing it as close up as possible, then lying "stoned" on the stage in front of the screen, are worshiping at the altar of technology.

Both Pauline Kael and Renata Adler, among many, criticized Kubrick for the dreary performances and idiotic lines. Some critics even joked that "HAL," the computer, was more human than the live actors. Often the premise was that Kubrick had made some kind of blatant mistake. If there is still any doubt, *The Making of Kubrick's "2001"* sets the record absolutely straight: Kubrick knew exactly what he was doing.

The Making of Kubrick's "2001" is another media-mixing typographical turn-on from the fertile imagination of Jerome Agel, who "coordinated" the Marshall McLuhan-Quentin Fiore books *The Medium Is the Massage* and *War and Peace in the Global Village*, and who is likely to inundate us with more books of this kind in the near future. Although there is an over-all chronological order, the various elements of the book are pretty much tossed together in a great semantic salad. Under running headlines taken

(*Continued on page* 38)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Mexican Americans

JOHN RECHY'S REVIEW of *La Raza: The Mexican Americans* [*SR*, Mar. 14] presents a rather limited and outdated picture of the condition and outlook of Mexican Americans in the far south Texas area (Hidalgo and Cameron counties). There, Mexican Americans, who call themselves anything from Chicanos to unhyphenated Americans, make up at least two-thirds of the population. Politically, they competently fill such offices as congressman, members of the state legislature, federal and state judges, sheriff, county and city commissioners, mayors and school trustees.

More than half of high school and college enrollment is Mexican American, and at least half of the public school teachers—who teach even such subjects as English and American government. A great majority of nurses, clerical and trades workers and public employes, approximately one-third of the doctors and a substantial number of the lawyers are Mexican American, and the number of Mexican American business proprietors and managers is large and increasing.

Most of this has occurred in one generation, primarily because of the ability and enterprise of Mexican Americans themselves and the efforts of their own organizations—LULAC, GI Forum, PASO, and recently MAYO. The change has been remarkably peaceful and within the "Anglo" system of law, politics, and economics.

This is not a denial that there is still poverty, exploitation, and lack of education, nor a claim that old "Anglo" prejudices have vanished. Nor is it a suggestion that all Mexican Americans are alike in ability and attitudes or that their individual opportunities are equal. Rather, it is to point out that, despite past discrimination, a late start and serious problems of agricultural unemployment, a lot of *mañana* is already here, and more is inevitable.

LEWIS CARVER,
McAllen, Tex.

I HAVE SPENT half a century teaching and working with children, many of them Chicanos. By John Rechy's admission, masses of these unfortunates are in this country illegally. They are the lost and neglected in Mexico. They want to leave so desperately that they stoop to any lowly deception to get across the Rio Grande. Are they the responsibility of the United States and specifically the border states? Who "humiliates, tongue-ties and de-educates them"?

They crossed the border uneducated pagan worshipers and often carrying inside their shirts images of their deity. I have a stone idol worn slick by devoted hands. They came here broken by the indignities of having to lie and live deceptions to obtain barest necessities. Even their language is so degenerate that those who know the beautiful Spanish or rich, imaginative Indian dialects cannot understand them. Neither national, racial nor personal pride makes them cling to their native tongue; it is something deeper; it is a need to have a shred of themselves to cling to. How can such people be de-educated?

These children are not tongue-tied by teachers. They are tongue-tied, overwhelmed, and frightened by everything. Their ignorant parents order them to speak only their native tongue. Teachers know that the first requisite for good citizenship is facility with the language. They stress it to the extent of requiring the child to speak it in classes. All too often the child closes his bright little mind but few teachers are deceived. Often even a visit to the home by the teacher makes no changes, and the child is forced into a hopeless niche. No child is silenced by fear, and if Mr. Rechy was educated in our public schools he knows that no child was required to kneel and ask forgiveness for speaking Spanish. Such humility and bowing-down before people in authority is not one of our customs.

It is true, however, that the further advanced these children get the more rigidly are the requirements to master English enforced. We have the responsibility of equipping them to earn their living.

VERNA M. MORLEY,
Navasota, Tex.

Deprivation

IN HIS REVIEW of the two books about Al Smith [*SR*, Mar. 7] Herbert Mitgang says, "These books will shock young readers familiar only with the comparatively clean Presidential campaigns of recent years."

Is it possible that Mr. Mitgang is ignorant of the Rape of Illinois in 1960? He must know that the Kennedy money bought Chicago and other parts of Illinois to say nothing of parts of Texas, Ohio, and other states. Because of this theft the country was deprived of the services of Richard Nixon for eight long heartbreaking years. Clean, indeed!

MABEL POLLARD,
Jordan, Mont.

Depression

MORE AND MORE of your readers are too young and tender to remember the Depression. Don't you think that when a Herbert Mitgang castigates Al Smith for saying that Roosevelt's recovery measures wouldn't work, you should drop in a footnote saying that they *didn't* work? After all, after two terms of Roosevelt, with the World War II preparedness boom already taking hold, one member in seven of the working force was still without a job.

HAROLD TAYLOR,
New York, N.Y.

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European Literary Scene

Robert J. Clements

PARIS, SAINT-GERMAIN-DES-PRES

The year was 1933, give or take a few months. Louis Aragon, the Surrealist poet and novelist, sat down with pen in hand and paused for a while as if listening for some inner voice. Out of his subconscious issued a curious sentence, which he immediately set down: "Nobody laughed when Guy called M. Romanet papa." Perplexed at first, not recognizing either name, he read it over and over. Then slowly he began to write, unfolding the rest of the long narrative that was published in 1934 as *Les Cloches de Bâle* (The Bells of Basel). It turned out, he gradually learned, to center on a pacifist congress held at Basel in 1914.

Is this any way to write a novel? Yes, if you're a Surrealist. Aragon explains it all in his latest work, *Je n'ai jamais appris à écrire ou les incipit* (I Never Learned to Write, or the First Lines), published by Skira. He assures us that the *incipit* sentence determines the characters, plot, mood, and setting of his novels. Once that first sentence pops out of his subconscious, the famous mechanism of "automatic writing" comes into play. Thus Aragon claims that he does not choose his novels; they choose him. This has apparently been going on since 1903, when the six-year-old Louis penned his first novel, *Quelle âme divine* (What a Divine Soul), in his peculiar handwriting.

We know what that handwriting was like, for the new Skira book is lavishly endowed with plates, including also illustrations by Aragon's friends Matisse, Braque, and André Masson. In an ambitious series entitled "The Paths to Creation" Albert Skira and Gaetan Picon have asked major writers to provide an intimate analysis of their work and their esthetics. (The first three volumes deal with Butor, Ionesco, and Elsa Triolet, Aragon's Russian-born wife, to whom he has addressed his greatest poetry.)

Aragon's thesis that the first sentence is a preview to the quality and nature of an entire novel has recently been enunciated by the theorists of the French New Novel. To clarify exactly what they did not wish to continue writing, they said it was the type of novel that starts with the sentence: "The marchioness set out at five P.M."

Current reports of deaths from heroin addiction remind one of the number of literary careers broken by drugs: de Quincey with his laudanum, Coleridge with his opium, Baudelaire with his *excitants*, etc. *Julia and the Bazooka*, a new book of short stories just received from London publisher Peter Owen, brings the list right up to the present.

Back in the Twenties and Thirties young Helen Ferguson was writing innocuous "Home Counties" novels. Suddenly something transformed her psyche, and she began, as Anna Kavan, to write Kafka-like stories. As Rhys Davies put it, "She started to chart apocalyptic chaos, especially in such a novel as *Ice*, with its vision of global destruction from closing walls of ice." Haunting despair, bewilderment, and even terror are again present in *Julia and the Bazooka*, and especially in the title story. Julia is a young tennis player whose coach puts her on heroin to improve her chances at an important match. He supplies the drugs and the bazooka, or plastic syringe. She wins the silver cup at the tournament. The bazooka also becomes her "security blanket." "Without it she could not lead a normal existence, her life would be a shambles, but with its support she is conscientious and energetic, intelligent, friendly." Unfortunately, during an air raid over London in World War II, Julia falls from her bombed house, enfeebled by heroin. The silver chalice she won at tennis now becomes a death symbol, for it will hold her ashes at the crematorium.

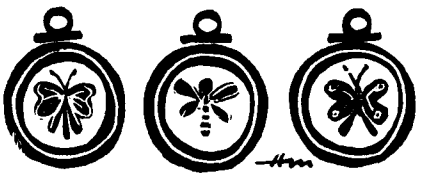
And the author herself? She died year before last. Again we quote Rhys Davies: "A syringe lay in Anna Kavan's hand when she was found dead in her London home, a shot of the heroin to which she had been accustomed for some thirty years still inside its plastic barrel."

Drug addiction and its destructiveness are also the theme of one of the latest imports from Germany. Born in February 1931, near Maastrich, Thomas Bernhard studied music at Salzburg and Vienna, but switched to the theater in 1957. After publishing lyrics, deep-colored, richly metaphoric, and slightly Surrealist, he turned to novels and won the Austrian State Prize for 1968. The title of his new novel, *Watten*, published by Suhrkamp Verlag, refers to an Austrian card game. This brief story (89 pages) is the first-person narrative of a morphine addict, banned from practicing his profession of medicine. It is a psychological study of gradual degradation and paranoia. With perhaps some exaggeration, blue-ribbon critic Marcel Reich-Ranicki comments: "Bernhard records inner compulsions and hallucinations. tells of madness and crime, in order to make clearly visible those dangers and abysses that threaten us all." A less indulgent critic notes that, since so many of these psychological elements have been exploited before by the author, this new novel constitutes a "kind of clearance sale."

The prolific Miguel Delibes of Valladolid has been writing novels of "realism in good taste" since 1948. That was the year his first book, *The Shadow of the Cypresses Has Lengthened*, won the prestigious Nadal Prize. In his recent *Five Hours with Mario*, he tried out some experimental techniques, however, and he goes even further in his satire on contemporary society, *Parábola del náufrago* (Parable of the Shipwrecked Man), just published by Destino in Barcelona. Although the town of Valladolid, where Delibes served as newspaper editor, is the locale of his parable, the society he describes is the over-collectivized, Orwellian world that threatens to engulf man. It shows the ridiculous leader Don Abdón literally tossed in a blanket of adulation. Slogans replace thought: "Order is liberty," "Avoiding responsibility is the first step toward happiness," etc.

Delibes's hero, Jacinto, is punished for asking questions, as is another character who inquires: "Why, instead of building so many hospitals and sanatoriums, don't they just raise our wages so that we can eat better and get sick less?" Like a figure in a Voltairean *conte philosophique*, Jacinto tries to rationalize that he is better off than a man in a torpedoed cruiser, a gas chamber, or a solitary cell. In Spain it would be difficult to include such social criticism in a realistic novel. Delibes is safer with the parable, which usually takes place in a void.

The author's heavy borrowing from New Novel experimentation is still unusual in Spain: the inner monologue, reiterated clauses, juxtaposition of tenses, flashbacks, onomatopoetic sounds, and the rest. It is as though Delibes had been inspired by the narrative techniques of his junior compatriot, Juan Goytisolo, who "tastes French" to Spanish critics. Indeed, so startling are these techniques in the work of Miguel Delibes that critic José Domingo, in *Insula*, cannot quite decide whether the Vallisoletano novelist is really serious about them or is engaging in a parody.



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An essay review of "Up the Organization," by Robert Townsend (Knopf, 202 pp., $5.95)

Greasing the Speedway to Business Success

by WILLIAM BENTON

Robert Townsend, who for a few brief years was the spectacularly successful president of Avis, has written a witty and wise manual for young executives. *Up the Organization* seems light and what-the-hell. But its substance is not tongue-in-cheek; on the contrary, this handbook is deadly serious. The organization man won't listen to it. He will probably read no farther than the dedication on page one: "And God created the Organization and gave It dominion over man (Genesis I, 30A, Subparagraph VIII)."

"This book is in alphabetical order," Mr. Townsend explains in his first paragraph. "Using the table of contents, which doubles as the index, you can locate any subject in thirteen seconds. And you can read all I have to say about it in five minutes or less."

The ninety-seven chapter headings in the index run from "Advertising" to "Wearing Out Your Welcome." The shortest entry is entitled "Thanks: A really neglected form of compensation." When I first published *The Great Books of the Western World*, Editor Mortimer Adler listed Western man's "102 Great Ideas" in alphabetical order. First came "Angel." I asked him a question that I might have addressed to Mr. Townsend: "Alphabetically, 'adultery' precedes 'angel'; where is adultery? Isn't that a great idea?" Professor Adler replied, "You will find this under 'family.'" Mr. Townsend could have responded, "You will find this under 'Mistresses.'"

If the organization man has turned to the first paragraph despite the dedication, he will surely drop the book at the third paragraph: "In the average company the boys in the mailroom, the president, the vice-presidents, and the girls in the steno pool have three things in common: they are docile, they are bored, and they are dull. Trapped in the pigeonholes of organization charts, they've been made slaves to the rules of private and public hierarchies that run mindlessly on and on because nobody can change them. So," Mr. Townsend continues, "we've become a nation of office boys . . . like clergymen in Anthony Trollope's day, we're mortals trained to serve immortal institutions."

As Mr. Townsend will find (if he has not done so already), in spite of his "formidable pile of self-made chips," he will not be invited to serve on America's "Big Boards." In common with Raymond Rubicam, Beardsley Ruml, Jay Hormel, and other mavericks of my generation (with whom Paul Hoffman and I sired the Committee for Economic Development, now the citadel of business prestige), there will be no call for him by Big Steel, the Chase Bank, or IBM. Mr. Townsend acerbly remarks, "I've never heard a single suggestion from a director that produced any result at all." He goes on with the true insight of the maverick: "Directors are usually the friends of the chief executive, put there to keep him safely in office. . . . They meet once a month, gaze at the financial window-dressing (never at the operating figures by which managers run the business), listen to the chief and his team talk superficially about the state of the operation, ask a couple of dutiful questions, make token suggestions (courteously recorded and subsequently ignored), and adjourn until next month." As the merchandising genius Julius Rosenwald of Sears, Roebuck put it, "a board is long, thin, hard and narrow."

I have always found business excessively easy, a relative pushover, in contrast to university administration and politics. The businessman can make countless wrong decisions and a few right ones, but if the latter overbalance the former and he comes out with black figures instead of red on the bottom line of his profit-and-loss statement, he may be acclaimed a business genius. "Mend your own mistakes openly," says Mr. Townsend, "and maybe even joyfully . . . encourage your associates to do likewise . . . babies learn to walk by falling down . . . if you beat a baby every time he falls down he'll never care much for walking." The businessman can play the averages more than can the politician, who can lose his business with just one mistake, just one bad vote. Each action of the politician is thus more hazardous than that of the businessman (though of course there are single business decisions that can throw a company into bankruptcy).

While reading *Up the Organization* I tore out the pages of thirty-seven of Mr. Townsend's ninety-seven chapters (plus appendix) and showered them upon my top business associates. I said, "Read, learn, apply to your actions." Let me quote from some of my favorites.

Under "Time: Three Thoughts on It" the author observes: "Some meetings should be long and leisurely. Some should be mercifully brief. A good way to handle the latter is to hold the meeting with everybody standing up. The meetees won't believe you at first. Then they get very uncomfortable and can hardly wait to get the meeting over with. If you have more than one comfortable chair for office visitors, move to a smaller office." The fewer meetings and the fewer the participants the better, he adds. "End [meetings] on the dot (or sooner)."

I wish Mr. Townsend had done a chapter on committees (although he does handle "chairman of the executive committee" in lethal fashion). If he had, he might have addressed one of my own biases: a (finance) committee meets to confirm the fears of its weakest member.

Perhaps I like the following because I often gloss over my lack of tact by claiming a genius for candor. Under the heading "Secrecy: A Child's Garden of Diseases," Mr. Townsend warns:

> Secrecy is totally bad. It defeats the crusade for justice, which doesn't flourish in the dark. In the case of most marketing or new product planning, secrecy is sinister. It defeats your loyal opposition and protects you from your best friends when you need them most. Secrecy implies either:
> 1. What I'm doing is so horrible I don't dare tell you.
> OR
> 2. I don't trust you (any more).

Mr. Townsend's message is interlarded with banter. But read on for the hard and solid blows. Under "Racism": "Let's face it. The vast majority of corporations are still operating with dice loaded against Jews, black people, and women of all races and creeds."

"Firing people is unpleasant," Mr. Townsend admits, "but it really has to be done . . . it's a neglected art in most organizations." Here is advice on

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"Personnel (People vs.)": "Fire the whole personnel department. . . . Have a one-girl department. . . ." Going a step further, he cuts through the theology of business in "P. R. Department, Abolition of": "Yes, fire this whole department. . . . If you have an outside P. R. firm, fire them too."

I tell my top executives that it is the "pretty good" man who costs the company the real money. The man who is "pretty good," but knows his techniques and carpentry, is put into a "slot" or "niche" (in big-organization terms), which he can fill satisfactorily. The man who's really good carries his weight and builds the organization. It's the "pretty good" man, who always seems just too good to fire, who holds the company back.

I'd like to introduce Mr. Townsend to Leo Rosten, whose Rosten's Law goes: "First-rate men hire first-rate men; second-rate men hire third-rate men." Here are another four from Rosten to add to Townsend's liturgy:

1. Thinking is harder work than hard work.
2. The love of money is the source of an enormous amount of good; the fact that the good is a by-product of the selfish pursuit of riches has nothing to do with its indisputable value.
3. Most people confuse complexity with profundity, and opaque prose with deep meaning. But the greatest ideas have always been expressed clearly.
4. Most men never mature; they simply grow taller.

Perhaps my favorite Townsend admonition is "Don't hire Harvard Business School graduates." "Can it be true," I wrote in a memo to some of my associates a few years ago, "that most everything I have learned about business is in contradiction to the dogmas and doctrines of the Harvard Business School? I fear so."

The employee I want to hire is not the young man trained by the "case method," except for the run-of-the-mill jobs. Who is he then? Might he be the one who has tried to write a sonnet? Better yet, might he be the one who has been able to write one, even a bad one?

Most certainly he is the young man who can read, write, and figure. The most important and fundamental vocational training is the three "r's." The best thing a school of business can do is teach them. It can make up for the fact that the student failed to learn them as a college undergraduate.

His trenchant advice about school-of-business graduates is followed by guidance on "Organization Charts: Rigor Mortis": "Draw them in pencil, never formalize, print and circulate them . . . in the best organizations people see themselves working in a circle as if around one table."

Mr. Townsend reserves some of his most pertinent words for "Mergers, Conglobulations, and Joint Failures," leading off by telling us that "joint ventures are almost always bad. Acquisitions and mergers are a necessary evil for some companies . . . avoid them like the plague if you can." Agreed. Nothing on the current financial scene distresses me as much as the so-called conglomerates. Although the Justice Department is to be congratulated on some of its current efforts, the Federal Trade Commission and the Justice Department have been grossly negligent in their failure to condemn the conglomerates, which seem to me to be out and out business and financial frauds. Many of their perpetrators would be in prison if their crimes weren't charged up to business ignorance. I shall always remember my Britannica associate Lord Crowther's crack about the Sherman Antitrust Act: "In England we put a man into the House of Lords for the same reason you Americans would put him into Sing Sing penitentiary."

Isn't Mr. Townsend in good part a throwback to the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century entrepreneurs? As a champion of private and family enterprise is he trying to swim upstream? "If you have a good company," he says, "don't sell out to a conglomerate." And, he cautions, "Don't expect lawyers or investment bankers to be objective about conglomerates. Visions of sugarplums dance through their heads at the mention of Gulf and Western." Actually, Mr. Townsend is the true conservative in the great conservative tradition of Adam Smith and his descendants, a champion of private initiative and private enterprise. He even respects and admires his associates and employees: "Two and two may seem to make five when a conglomerate is making its pitch, but from what I've seen they are just playing a numbers game and couldn't care less if they make zombies out of your people." Mr. Townsend is such a believer in private profit fairly earned that he condemns "executive aircraft, executive dining rooms or executive washrooms, chauffeur-driven vehicles, first-class air travel, and company-paid travel expenses for family members."

Up the Organization isn't for the schools of business of the United States; too many of the students would quit and apply to Mr. Townsend for jobs. His book is primarily for people knowledgeable about business, for the young gifted creative business leader who, in time, is going to find it all out for himself anyway. Mr. Townsend will just speed him up and confirm his own discoveries and prejudices.

In mavericks like Townsend lies the vitality of our economy and the hidden future of our business destiny. I believe our country will continue to produce them.

"Going to Troy is deductible. But coming back by cruising around the Mediterranean for ten years isn't."

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An essay review of "The Children of Frankenstein: A Primer on Modern Technology and Human Values," by Herbert J. Muller (Indiana University Press, 431 pp., $10)

Will Society Become an Uncontrollable Monster?

by PAUL WOODRING

At a time when most academic men are convinced that they must be specialists, burrowing ever deeper into narrower holes, it is refreshing to encounter a scholar who looks beyond the restraining boundaries of his own discipline, tries to see the world in perspective, and asks what it all means. Such a man is Herbert J. Muller, who began his career as an English teacher and, after establishing a reputation as a literary critic, became interested in the philosophy of science and then moved on to history and its interpretation. Although his penchant for roaming over many academic fields, plus his talent for writing for nonacademic readers, made him a natural target for more specialized scholars, his book *The Uses of the Past* (1952) firmly established his reputation as a scholar of the first rank. In 1956 he was given the unique title "Professor of English and Government" at Indiana University, but even this proved too restrictive for his wide-ranging talents. In 1959 he was named Distinguished Service Professor.

When he completed his three-volume work *The History of Human Freedom* in 1964, Dr. Muller resolved never again to tackle so large a subject. Soon, however, he found himself engaged in a new and equally challenging undertaking which provides the basis for the present book. His current concern is the neglect or abuse of essential human values in a technological society, and he sets out to explore the social and cultural consequences of that neglect, drawing his title from the fact that Frankenstein was able to produce a monster but not to control it.

This is indeed a vast undertaking. Technology is so much a part of culture that it is difficult to conceive of human beings without a technology of some sort. Early man, by chipping flints, developed the tools and weapons that set him apart from other animals. His discovery of the uses of fire enabled him to move out of his tropical home and populate the colder regions of the earth. His invention of wheels, oars, and sails enabled him to transport himself and his goods across land and sea. Through the scientific discoveries of the nineteenth century and the resulting industrial revolution, man transformed his world, prolonged his life, and produced new comforts and conveniences. He also destroyed much of his natural habitat and polluted the air and water around him. Many men were enslaved by the factory system, which required them—and often their children as well—to work long hours at monotonous tasks for a bare living wage.

In the last decades of the nineteenth century we moved out of what Lewis Mumford called the "paleotechnic" phase and into the "neotechnic," which promised some hope of relief from the worst evils of the factory system. Since the middle of the twentieth century we have entered into what many commentators are calling "post-industrial" society. Man now enjoys shorter hours and better working conditions as well as many new pleasures and conveniences. But to enjoy these benefits he must live in massive ungovernable cities or spend many hours each week fighting his way through traffic on the way to work. And though the problems of pollution and overpopulation now are recognized, they are far from solved. The good life still eludes us.

As to what constitutes the good life, Muller admits there has been endless disagreement, but adds:

> . . . yet the history of thought and culture also suggests that we can arrive at a general agreement on certain basic goods. They begin with the elementary goods of physical well-being, through health and the satisfaction of hunger and other physiological needs. They include the basic goods of social life, beginning with family life and broadening into simple comradeliness, fellow-feeling, and love. They include as well cultural goods—the satisfactions of natural curiosity, of the esthetic sense, and of the related craftsman's or creative impulse. These may be suspect to the man on the street for the same reason they are often called "higher," that they involve the pleasures of the mind, but the powers of mind are precisely what distinguish man from other animals.

Although he believes with Spinoza that people do not desire something because it is good but rather consider it good because people desire it, Muller says, "I am now operating on the premise that there *are* permanent, absolute values, at least so long as we assume that life is worthwhile."

How does technology threaten the good life? The most obvious answer is that it has produced instruments of warfare with which man can destroy himself. Explosives, and the machines of war, have "enabled man to become the only animal that steadily, systematically exterminated fellow creatures of its own species . . . Western civilization has distinguished itself in the development of technology for this biologically unnecessary purpose." And now, by means of nuclear weapons that can destroy civilization and conceivably put an end to the human race, man has "achieved the ultimate in biological absurdity. . . ."

Technology has also played a major role in man's destruction of his natural environment. "In all our talk about 'underdeveloped' countries these days, Americans may forget that our own country is woefully 'overdeveloped.' For years we have been not only squandering our natural resources but fouling our nest." Most of what Muller has to say about pollution, erosion, and the misuse of natural resources is not new but, coming as it does at a time when public concern over these problems is at an all-time high [see pages 49, *et seq.*], his vigorous restatement will reinforce those who are attacking them.

Urbanization—the concentration of vast numbers of people in small areas—is made possible by technology and made necessary by population growth. But a city can either enhance or destroy human values. Prior to the industrial revolution most cities were centers of culture as well as of commerce. But "with the rise of the new industrial towns came the horrors—the foulest environment ever created by man." And, during the past half-century, all the major cities have become increasingly less habitable. "As one who fell in love with New York in my youth, and prowled all over Manhattan," Muller declares, ". . . . I am more keenly aware how woefully New York has deteriorated, and how critical its

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condition is today. In this respect it is like almost all the big cities in America. They are not beautiful, of course—no industrial city has ever been; they were not built to 'human scale,' with an eye to openness and spaciousness, grace and amenity. But neither are they functionally rational or efficient, as one might expect a city to be in a technological society. Congested, blighted, and polluted, they make some authorities doubt that the central city is worth saving or restoring."

Turning to the problems of higher education, Muller asks, "What kind of men do we need for our new kind of society?"

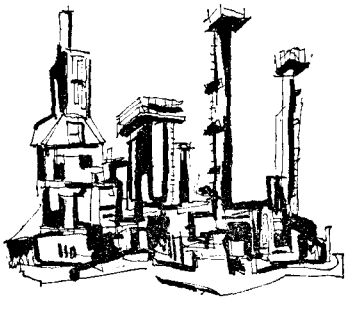
> First of all they need to be men, whole men, free men, and so need something like a liberal education for a full life. Most of them need as well some professional training to fit them for the innumerable specialized jobs in our kind of society. The universities must give them this training; but at the same time they should hope to give all students a better understanding of their society and its new horizons, make them good citizens with a proper concern for civilized values, help them to make satisfying use of the increasing abundance and leisure, develop them as independent persons with a capacity for both the firm convictions and the adaptability needed in a changing world, and prepare them for responsible leadership in a future that the experts in forecasting tell us will be still fuller of problems.

Though he sees higher education as our best hope for managing a technocratic society wisely and humanely, Muller fears that the dominance of graduate and professional schools over the liberal arts colleges is a grave threat to humane education. "For the graduate schools . . . exert great pressure on the colleges beneath them, whose reputation now depends largely on how many of their students are admitted into graduate schools and how well they do there. They intensify the drive to specialization, the impatience of students to get done as soon as possible with other required subjects. By their requirements for admission they heighten the emphasis on formal examinations, grades, and credits—all the trappings of academic 'performance'—and make it harder for gifted students with independent interests who want a good education, not merely good grades."

Despite the breadth of his interests and the scope of his knowledge, Muller does not always rise above the conventional biases of academic men. His comments on educators, administrators, and scientists echo those heard daily from humanistic scholars in any faculty club. "The educationists have been turning out teachers well trained in theory and techniques, but often lacking a sound grasp of their subject. . . . By and large they are not known for either their own excellence as teachers or their dedication to the ideal objectives of the humanities." The university president is "often . . . chiefly a promoter, valued more for his skill at public relations than for any intellectual authority." And of scientists Muller says: "I cannot question [their] authority, I can say, however, that I am not always dazzled by their vision." Muller does not spare the disciplines with which he is most familiar:

> The root trouble, in the humanities as in the sciences, is specialization. Both teachers and students obviously have to specialize in order to master any subject; we all know the value of specialization . . . But it has become increasingly narrow, intensive, and often crabbed because of the demands of a highly professionalized society . . . Students find it ever harder to realize one important value of a college education—an opportunity to explore, cultivate various possible interests, discover the uses of intellectual pleasure for leisure, or even discover what they like most. The specialization grows more cramping as students advance. They may never get a philosophical grasp of their whole subject, much less of its relation to other subjects, or to the means and ends of a technological society. Hence it is by no means certain that students of the humanities either get a sound liberal education, or come into complete possession of their powers. A specialist in any one of their subcultures is not necessarily broader, wiser, freer, or more humane than specialists in the sciences.

But, though scholars in the humanities are no less specialized than those working in the sciences and technologies, the "two cultures" brought to public attention by C. P. Snow have different visions of the future. On the one hand is the dream of those who look forward to a world with a more perfect technology that will include breeder reactor systems, electronic memory banks, and computerized education, and make possible faster transportation, more material goods, automated homes, and voyages to the planets. On the other is the dream of



a just society that will enhance humane values. "Aside from scientists," Muller observes, "most intellectuals in the democracies—the natural habitat of a just society—are not only disillusioned but often hostile to utopian dreams. They do not deny that modern technology can perform all the feats that men predict—they fear it will."

In a chapter titled "People, Just People," which he says is the most important one though he admits it is also the most inconclusive, Dr. Muller discusses some of the themes highlighted by contemporary social commentators. In historical perspective, he writes, all the alarm over the condition of modern man needs to be discounted somewhat. Conformity in America is an old story—de Tocqueville and Emerson worried about it more than a century ago, before the rise of mass society. Alienation has an even longer history: 4,000 years ago an Egyptian chronicler noted that "Great men and small agree in saying, 'Would that I had never been born.'" He suggests that writers who lament the loss of community in our mass society should consult the many other writers who complain of too much community in suburbia. And he would qualify the complaints about how Americans spend their leisure time, observing that many still do read while others enjoy gardening, carpentering, or sports and other kinds of play.

Though a book dealing with so vast a subject cannot be definitive, this is much more than a primer. Muller goes deeply into the problem, explores its ramifications, and offers many brilliant insights. Here, as in his previous works, he views the drama of history as high tragedy in the Aristotelian sense. In his *Uses of the Past* he said: "All the mighty civilizations of the past have fallen, because of tragic flaws. . . . All the civilizations have also had real grandeur, a glory that survived their fall. . . ." Writing now about our present world—a civilization that is not so much "Western" as world-wide or ecumenical, borrowing as it does from many other cultures—he sees both the grandeur and the tragic flaws. But he does not offer a program for the solution of our problems. He lets the record stand.

Technology, which has eased man's labors, expanded his horizons, extended his leisure time, facilitated communication, and brought many material comforts, is not the natural enemy of human values. The fact that it has also contributed to the destruction of man's natural habitat and offers threats to his health, comfort, serenity, and life itself proves only that it is easily misused when not controlled and directed by men of vision.

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Fiction

LOCAL ANAESTHETIC

by Günter Grass, translated from the German by Ralph Manheim

Harcourt, Brace & World, 284 pp., $6.95

AS IT HAPPENS, I once was acquainted with a man who was in the cement business. He was witty, romantic, a trifle melancholy, perfectly charming. So I was predisposed to listen respectfully when I learned that Günter Grass's hero-narrator had at one time been a technician in a cement works. Then it appeared that he had given up cement and become a high-school teacher of German and history. In this country we would say English and history, but it comes to the same thing. A high-school teacher, after all, is a person deputized by the rest of us to explain to the young what sort of world they are living in, and to defend, if possible, the part their elders are playing in it. I have been in that kind of fix myself. Mr. Grass's hero had all my sympathy.

Then he climbed into the dentist's chair, which he was to occupy for much of the story. I had already absorbed a good deal of technical data about cement, and I was prepared to hear about tartar and malocclusion. But at about that point, Mr. Grass began to let me down in other ways. First, he set about developing two large metaphors — the world as pedagogy and the world as dentistry — which he held on to all through the novel. To be plain, one has encountered religious and philosophical accounts of the universe that have more power to stir the imagination.

Moreover, the author introduces a television set that is installed in view of the dentist's chair. The machine has magical and telepathic properties; the narrator's memories or fantasies are projected upon it, reflected from it. Fantasies like these: The director of the cement works, a former general in the Wehrmacht, plays war games with his daughter for opponent, trying to win on the sand-table the battles lost in the Russian snows. The narrator is engaged to marry that warlike and unfilial girl. He murders her in various guises on various occasions, but she survives to break off their engagement. And so forth. It is all a blur, cleverly composed of precisely noted details.

Now, modern man has been defined as a being who fornicates and reads the newspapers. Being a good-natured sort who dislikes being conspicuous, I am prepared to play that role myself in ordinary times, and to read, dutifully, about modern man in works of fiction like *Local Anaesthetic*. But these times are not quite ordinary. Mr. Grass's ingenuity becomes exasperating.

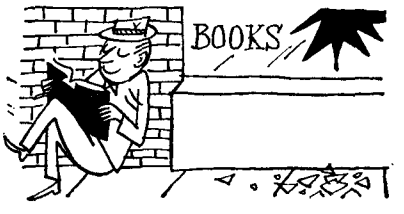
The more so because an episode of genius is encrusted like a foreign body in this matrix of cement, bridgework, and televised dreams. It is an invention that perhaps justifies the effort expended by the talented translator, Mr. Ralph Manheim, in acquiring the vocabularies of concrete technology and oral surgery, which I trust he need never employ again. It is a genuinely literary idea, in that it tells us something important about our lives in these not-ordinary times.

The narrator has a gifted and difficult student. Just the sort that is likely to be disturbed by the thought of napalm—even when it is used on those ten-year-olds who, as we are assured, are perfectly capable of firing a rifle. His answer to atrocity is an atrocious immolation. Not of himself alone; the ladies consuming pastry in the cafés would not be much impressed by his death. Berliners are known to be dog-lovers, so Scherbaum means to douse his dachshund in gasoline, and set a match to him outside a café when the pastry hour is at its height. He has thought it all over. He will burn his pet alive, and he doesn't expect to survive the fury of the pastry-eaters himself.

At this point, you see, the book becomes real, and the cleverness before and after looks trashy. There are some things a man must not do to save his country, or humanity. Even when others will not leave off committing their larger-scale horrors from equally praiseworthy motives, and their actions make the world a slaughterhouse.

Well, after introducing that notion—which reverberates with each day's headlines as official violence and amateur violence converse in explosives—what does the author do with it? He demonstrates that the student's mentors are so spiritless that they cannot rouse themselves to save a boy gone mad, driven mad, like a million others. As it turns out, after further morasses of pedagogy and dentistry, the student gives up his project. None of that is very satisfying, and a climax is absolutely requisite if the novel is ever to end.

So the narrator has another vision. He is bathing-master at a North Sea resort, in charge of the wave machine in an indoor swimming pool. His former fiancée, now married to another, is incautious enough to venture into the pool with husband and offspring. The narrator adjusts the pulses of the wave machine to produce a powerful surf that batters and drowns the swimmers. Psychologically apt, and a dreadful letdown. Günter Grass's talent is well established, but this novel appears to be a long-drawn-out distraction from the most important thing he has to say.



Emile Capouya

Emile Capouya is an editor and freelance writer.

...IN THE HIGHLANDS SINCE TIME IMMEMORIAL

by Joanna Ostrow

Knopf, 306 pp., $5.95

JOANNA OSTROW has written a beautiful novel about a man who returns to his dream of an uncomplicated life. The book has everything—sensitivity, humor, wonderful characterization. The writing is lyrically simple, with not one unnecessary word or one incident that does not have its place in the delicate pattern of the story.

Simon Johnston is the illegitimate son of a Belfast whore and an unknown African. Born in a Glasgow slum, he spent nine years as a foster child in the croft of Callum and Mary Macdonald near Inverness. There he was the smartest child in the local school and a natural leader. But when Simon's wife, Jenny, suggests that Callum must have been proud of him, he replies, "Och, no, darling, he wouldn't notice it at all.... But it worked both ways. He wouldn't say, *'what am I doing raising someone else's half-caste bastard,'* either."

Callum is hospitalized with a double leg amputation, and Simon takes leave of absence from Edinburgh University to work the croft for Mary. The Johnstons sublet their apartment to an American graduate student, Michael, whose interests center upon his two Saluki dogs.

With their four-year-old daughter and baby son the Johnstons set out for Croichan, which Simon loves and Jenny dreads. They leave their dilapidated but cheerful flat, and after eight hours of driving arrive on a bitterly cold November evening at the croft, which has one oil lamp, one banked-down fire, an indoor toilet that is for show and not for use. There is Mary, inarticulate, embarrassed by the presence of children, who has lived for decades with a man she fears and who never cared for her. The whole chill atmosphere threatens the relationship of Simon and Jenny, who openly enjoy

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—Harold Strauss.

Joanne Ostrow—"lyrically simple."

not only their children and their sex life but bickering, swearing, and joking.

Within six months Simon's dream of acceptance as a Highlander is shattered. Accompanying Michael and the Salukis to a coursing meet, he ventures into the environment of the local gentlemen, "the toffs." Simon realizes that when he speaks with personal passion of the economic plight of the crofters they think him bizarre. Now that he is grown, his beloved Highlanders are aware that he is a black man married to a white woman. Mary, who never taught him Gaelic, does not understand why he should want to study it, and Callum, that figure of proud masculinity, does not want him.

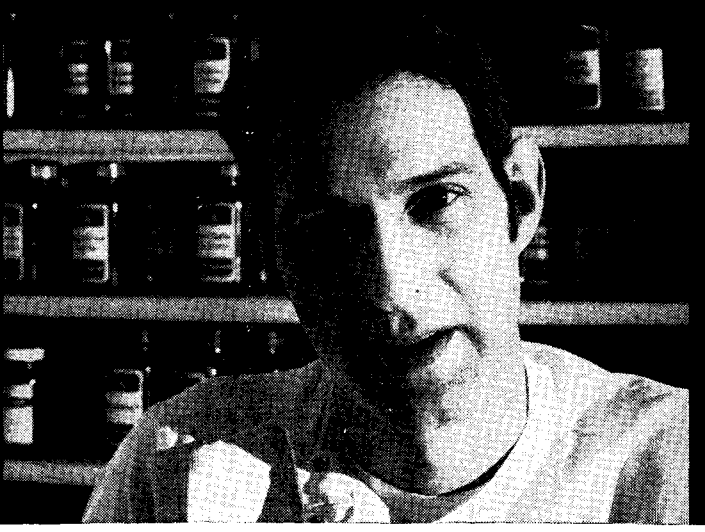
It is Jenny who sees clearly through the Celtic mists. She recognizes a dying culture propped up with "the imperative, meaningless demands of the day": a people fearing their destruction and yet contributing to it with their ritualistic way of life, using the Gaelic language as the ultimate retreat from reality. Jenny knows that Callum is a fraud, a bleak, loveless man who is not even an efficient crofter. He built a house that is rotting and dug a well not deep enough to give a decent water supply. His final act in the novel is one of pointless malice against Michael.

The gentry, posturing in Scottish Heritage attitudes with their medieval deerhounds; the pale crofter's son who is a waiter—each major and minor character is perfectly drawn. Perhaps the most memorable is Mary, left with the dregs of Highland life, lonely, ingrown, reduced to one outgoing gesture to cover all contingencies from mere civility to love, and which she offers equally to a cow, a dog, or a human: she splits, butters, puts jam on, and hands over a scone.

Dorothy B. Sutherland

Dorothy B. Sutherland, a Lowland Scot, has worked for the last ten years in American scholarly publishing.

"If you think all drugs are created equal... ask your pharmacist."



A pharmacist speaks candidly about his role in the dispensing of medicines.

I work with medicines every day and with the doctors who prescribe them. Over the years, I've been constantly aware that there are real differences in drug products and their effects on patients . . . even those products which have the same chemical composition. Research has shown that a drug's effectiveness can be influenced by a number of factors, including its solubility, particle size, crystal form, tablet compression, and age. Your doctor and I know from experience how certain medicines work; that's why he prescribes and I dispense quality products with which we are familiar. And that's why I am a firm believer in using brand name products or quality generics from reliable manufacturers . . . companies whose performance you can depend on.

Time and again it's been proved that a drug product containing the same active ingredients made by several companies will have markedly different effects in human subjects. With the potent and potentially dangerous drugs of today, I say put your trust in the doctor and pharmacist to provide the medicine that's best for your particular needs.

Personally, I would never settle for less.

Another point of view . . . Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005

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THE HONEST POLITICIAN'S GUIDE TO CRIME CONTROL

by Norval Morris and Gordon Hawkins

University of Chicago Press, 271 pp., $5.95

COPS ON CAMPUS AND CRIME IN THE STREETS

by Erle Stanley Gardner

Morrow, 156 pp., $5

IF YOU HAVE A CRIME WAVE, make a lot of the crimes no crime, and you will no longer have a crime wave. Not only will crime statistics improve, but police, freed from preoccupation with trivialities, will be able to concentrate on misdeeds that really matter.

This, in essence, is the prescription recommended by Norval Morris and Gordon Hawkins in *The Honest Politician's Guide to Crime Control*. The late Erle Stanley Gardner, likewise anxious to free the police to deal with serious matters, erupts emotionally in *Cops on Campus and Crime in the Streets* against student demonstrators and the practice of limiting the police to static confrontations. If police have to be called out to control demonstrators, Gardner maintains, they should get it over with quickly, pack the demonstrators into paddy wagons, and get back to the real business of crime-fighting.

Morris and Hawkins, in their more scholarly approach, make some highly sensible recommendations, but they seem carried away by faith in the "cure-all" nature of their ideas. They assert that "crime and the fear of crime" would "be reduced impressively" under their streamlined program. If the police were removed from many fields in which they serve as the regulators of private conduct, Morris and Hawkins argue, much more attention could be given to serious crimes against persons and property.

The authors point out that one out of every three arrests in America—some two million annually—is for public drunkenness. Such arrests cost the taxpayer about $100 million a year. Morris and Hawkins contend that, unless a drunk is committing an assault or doing malicious damage, his inebriation should be no concern of the police.

Similarly, they would wipe from the criminal calendar laws covering disorderly conduct, vagrancy, sexual behavior, abortion, gambling, and drug-taking. The disorderly conduct and vagrancy laws have served as disgraceful catch-alls for years, and should certainly be eliminated. Laws regulating sexual conduct, whether homosexual or otherwise, have been used as tools for blackmail. Abortion is becoming increasingly regarded as a matter of personal conscience, and there is mounting pressure to change or eliminate archaic statutes.

Abolition of narcotics and gambling laws, however, poses more difficult problems, and it is here that Morris and Hawkins are most open to challenge. They would treat drug addiction not as a crime but as an illness, introducing a counterpart of the British system whereby addicts are provided with their fixes through physicians. The authors concede that it would be necessary to retain laws making the sale of narcotics to minors a crime, "but that is all." It is a big "that" at a time when narcotics sales in schoolyards and the deaths of youngsters from overdose constitute one of our more serious problems.

It is doubtful also whether the British system is quite the miracle the authors suggest. They admit: "Heroin addiction has increased with immigration of groups having larger addict subcultures within them and for other reasons." This hints that something may be amiss, but it does not tell the full story.

The truth is that Britain has experienced an alarming rise of addiction among the young (the grandson of a former prime minister recently died of an overdose), and the attitude in British law enforcement circles now closely parallels our own. Most significant, perhaps, is Israel's experiment with the British system: after five years the results had been so disastrous that the method was abandoned.

The difficulty seems to be that, as one expert says, "addicts breed addicts," and so a system which supports addiction, by whatever means, ends up fathering further addiction. There is some support for this theory in our own past experience. Though it is not generally known, free dispensing clinics were operated in forty-four American cities between 1919 and 1935. The results were dire. Reports from New York State prisons showed that addiction among inmates rose 100 per cent in the first year of operation of the clinic system; by the end of the third year it had increased by 900 per cent.

Similarly, in discussing the advantages of legalizing all forms of gambling, Morris and Hawkins lose contact with reality. Their model is Nevada, and they write: "The infiltration of organized criminals has been blocked by screening all applicants for criminal records. . . . The principal lesson to be learned from Nevada is that gambling can be kept clean and does not have to be run by criminals."

The principal lesson of Nevada is virtually the opposite. It was Bugsy Siegel who opened up Nevada as a big-time gambling oasis for the national crime syndicate, and throughout the decades since, tsars of the American underworld have maintained a tight grip on many of the flossiest casinos in Las Vegas. One of the major topics on the agenda of the famous Apalachin conference of 1957 was the means by which the mob could complete its political domination of Nevada. What legalization of gambling did (at least, until Howard Hughes began to buy up casinos) was to provide the mob with a legal façade behind which to operate; millions of dollars were skimmed off the top before tax officials got their bite, and robbery, burglary, and suicide rates ran consistently among the highest in the nation.

Erle Stanley Gardner's book is brief, but it sprawls in the most diffuse fashion. He begins by describing a burglary taking place on a back street; the police are alerted, but they cannot come because they have to go off to contain a student demonstration. Gardner is outraged that police time should be squandered on such tasks. He is further outraged by the restraint of force that makes police stand in silent lines, receiving verbal and other abuse; and he suggests that, in such instances, the police should simply wade in, arrest the demonstrators, and get back as quickly as possible to their real business. Unruly as student demonstrations often are, the memory of what happened at the Democratic Convention

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1391

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1391 will be found in the next issue.

K WKYBMJOKP, K SKCM UI

K EYZOA, K JKIWMO'E PMKR

IMCMO YHOI ZHY YZ DM KE

BUXB KE SM BKJ BZRMJ.

—AKOWMP ROZHEY

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1390

You can tell a happy man by a sort of immobility in his situation.
—FONTENELLE.

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in Chicago in 1968 should be enough to deter anyone from adopting the Gardner recommendation as national policy.

From this departure point, Gardner's book spins off into a series of relatively unrelated chapters in which the author tells yarns about the police heroes he has known, discusses the death penalty, describes the workings of the lie detector and the operation of the highway patrol. None of it knits together; none of it seems to have much relevance to a central theme, if indeed there is a central theme. It all adds up to an emotional outburst against "crime in the streets" and a plea to respect (worship might be a better word) our harassed police.

Fred J. Cook

Fred J. Cook wrote "The Secret Rulers" and "The Corrupted Land."

THE SUPREME COURT AND THE IDEA OF PROGRESS

by Alexander M. Bickel

Harper & Row, 210 pp., $6.50

THE WARREN COURT has never lacked critics. Usually it has been the most vitriolic who have grabbed the headlines—and the billboards, the principal medium of the "Impeach Earl Warren" element. Yet over the years the most telling criticism of the Court has come from scholars sympathetic with its goals but skeptical of the means by which results were reached. This criticism, unfortunately, has attracted little attention outside legal and academic circles; those who do not read law journals regularly have the impression that the Warren Court's critics consist exclusively of Southerners and conservatives who support racial segregation, malapportionment, and compulsory prayers in the schools.

Thus public reaction was one of shock when Yale Law School's legal historian Alexander M. Bickel offered some fundamental criticism of the Court's major decisions in the celebrated Holmes Lectures at the Harvard Law School last autumn. Superficial accounts of this event in the newspapers suggested that liberal spokesmen were suddenly and inexplicably turning on the Court; a *trahison des clercs* seemed in the offing. With the publication of these lectures as *The Supreme Court and the Idea of Progress*, the public now has an opportunity to reflect on Bickel's critique.

Bickel begins with a point earlier made by himself and others: that the Warren Court's opinions were not good specimens of judicial workmanship and reasoned analysis. But he carries it a step further by reviewing the philosophical prepossessions—the "Idea of Progress"—that determined the results of the Court's major opinions. (Bickel defines the "Warren Court" as "the dominant majority that gave the Court its character," meaning Justices Black, Douglas, Brennan, Goldberg, Fortas, and Marshall, as well as the Chief Justice.) Because they "relied on events for vindication more than on the method of reason for contemporary validation," the Warren majority strove to bring about the "Egalitarian Society," ignoring, in Frankfurter's phrase, the "heavy price [that] has to be paid for these occasional services to liberalism."

To achieve its egalitarian ends, Bickel argues, the Court played fast and loose with history, superimposed its values on the democratic process, tolerated injustice to individuals as a necessary if undesirable by-product of its efforts to remake the law, and ignored earlier and wise restraints on judicial policy-making. The result was a peculiarly subjective quality to the Court's benchmark decisions. This in itself would be bad enough, but it had a further effect, which, ironically, blocked the path to the Egalitarian Society the Court sought to reach. The Warren Court forgot that its "judgments need the assent and the cooperation first of the political institutions, and ultimately of the people." The former have not been forthcoming in school desegregation, and the latter have been just as conspicuously lacking in the school prayer decisions. There is, Bickel concludes, "a natural quantitative limit to the number of major, principled interventions the Court can permit itself per decade, let us say. It is a matter of credibility."

Besides sacrificing reasoned decision-making to subjectivity, the Court's decisions have tended to exalt the "conception of law as the sole system of ordering" our society and to hamper a needed decentralization of political processes. The great themes of the Warren years—egalitarianism, centralization, majoritarianism—pursued to simplistic extremes may prevent experimental, community-centered efforts to better the opportunities for black children in *de facto*-segregated schools. Bickel suggests, in a sentence which is easily liable to misinterpretation and which has caused the public anguish noted above, that "what the *Brown* [school desegregation] opinion ultimately envisioned seems for the moment unattainable, and is becoming unwanted." Unwanted, that is, by the blacks, for whom integration in the schools has proved to be no short-run panacea. *Brown* "may be headed for—dread word— irrelevance." In a similar way, the malapportionment decisions, based as they were on a naïvely uncomplicated premise of simple majoritarian democracy posited by the Warren Court as preferable to a Madi-

The critic, William M. Wiecek, who is a lawyer and historian, teaches at the University of Missouri-Columbia.

"I'm not hungry . . ."

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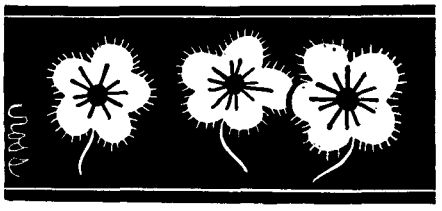
sonian model of balancing interests in a polity, may inhibit evolving metropolitan systems of government.

Bickel is not a negativist critic, carping from an ivory tower. He is the author of draft legislation being circulated in Congress under the aegis of Representative Richardson Preyer (D.-N. C.) that attempts to work out in the legislative forum what the Supreme Court so glibly assumed could and would be formulated by the courts: a realistic policy of combating the abysmal conditions facing blacks in segregated and semi-segregated schools. According to news reports, the Preyer/Bickel proposal would have the federal government deal directly with the conditions of ghetto schools and would encourage neighborhood-school efforts that would, one hopes, result in integration of most near-ghetto communities and small towns in the South. Bickel has thus demonstrated in a most practical way his faith that many of the problems the Warren Court tried to resolve can be better dealt with by elected and responsive legislatures.

Whether the legislatures can be made responsive is a knottier problem. Bickel correctly perceives that the Warren majority never answered, if indeed it really understood, the challenge to its majoritarian assumptions voiced by Mr. Justice Frankfurter, dissenting in the first of the principal reapportionment cases, *Baker vs. Carr* (1962). Frankfurter there pointed out that nothing in the text of the Constitution required that one man's vote be equally weighted with another's; the preference for equally



weighted votes was itself just one choice among many available options for the distribution of political power in a democratic republic. What the *Baker* majority was doing, seemingly without being aware of it, was picking one "political philosophy," as Frankfurter called it, and raising it to Constitutional status by mere judicial fiat.

Yet neither Bickel nor the Frankfurter dissent comes to grips with the problem that *Baker vs. Carr* and malapportionment generally presented to those who were leery of the long-range results of judicial policy-making. In *Baker*, the Tennessee legislature had in effect enacted malapportionment into the legal structure of the state by

(*Continued on page* 66)

Seismic Moment

Continued from page 28

from the screenplay ("Are you coming to my party tomorrow?" "Elena, you're looking wonderful." "Hi, everybody. Nice to be back with you."), we find such goodies as "The Sentinel," a story by Arthur C. Clarke from which Kubrick got the idea for the movie; excerpts from a dozen or so interviews with scientists and holy men, filmed originally for a ten-minute prologue and later cut; a profile of Kubrick from *The New Yorker*; reviews of the movie; comments on the production and the creation of special effects; messages of devotion to Kubrick from admiring fans; various exegeses of the film, one of which, by a fifteen-year-old girl, Kubrick considers "the most intelligent I've read anywhere" (it is done in outline form—HAL would probably have done *his* analysis in outline form, too); the extraordinary *Playboy* interview; and, most important, a ninety-six-page picture section with captions explaining the special effects in more detail than has ever appeared in print. "Salad" is an ignoble metaphor. The book is more like a holy feast.

The Making of Kubrick's "2001" is an exuberant and delightful book; like the movie itself, it pulses with triumph. But the implications of the revolution it seems to promise are less pleasant to contemplate. Consider the following snatches of revolutionary sentiment, all statements by Kubrick taken from captions in the picture section:

> Don't underestimate the charm of "The Blue Danube," played by Herbert von Karajan. Most people under thirty-five can think of it in an objective way, as a beautiful composition. Older people somehow associate it with a Palm Court orchestra or have another unfortunate association, and generally, therefore, criticize its use in the film.
>
> A number of people thought Floyd went to the planet Clavius. Why they think there's a planet Clavius I'll never know. But they hear him asked, "Where are you going?" and he says, "I'm going to Clavius." With many people—*boom*—that one word registers in their heads and they don't look at fifteen shots of the Moon; they don't see he's going to the Moon.
>
> Man is said to be the missing link between ape and civilized human being, which you may say is inherent in *2001* too.

The trouble with "old" people, in short, is that they have *associations*. They don't look at pictures, they listen to *words*. Who are the real revolutionaries? Who else but the kids lying stoned on the stage in front of the screen (*they* know that Floyd is going to the Moon) while the obsolete "humans" scramble for meanings during intermission—or else come up with such hopelessly square comments as Pauline Kael's put-down: *"2001* . . . says man is just a tiny nothing on the stairway to paradise, something better is coming, and it's all out of your hands anyway. . . . Is a work of art possible if pseudoscience and the technology of moviemaking become more important to the 'artist' than man?" Square is hardly the word.

Pseudoscience? A few pages in *The Making of Kubrick's "2001"* suggest that the movie is not only accurate, but prophetic. The section is a simple list of corporations that donated technical

information and ideas. Among them: Aerojet-General Corporation; Aerospace Medical Division, Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Ohio; Department of the Air Force, the Pentagon; Army Map Service; Bell Telephone Laboratories, Inc.; Bendix Field Engineering Corporation; Aerospace Division, Boeing Company; Chrysler Corporation; General Dynamics-Convair; Missile and Space Division, General Electric Co.; IBM; Ling-Temco-Vought, Inc.; Manned Spacecraft Center, NASA; NYU College of Medicine; Philco Corporation, and the U.S. Weather Bureau. Pseudoscience never had it so good.

There is a huge audience for the kind of film Stanley Kubrick wants to make. If he ever finishes his film about Napoleon, he will probably give us fascinating aerial views of massed human bodies in balletic motion. And what subject will he choose after *that*? With money so tight now, a USIA epic on the life of Spiro Agnew would certainly be appropriate. Kubrick could accomplish all sorts of groovy effects by recreating the March on Washington.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 i, 2 l, 3d, 4m (*Against Interpretation*), 5k (*Look Back in Anger*), 6g (*Children of Sanchez*), 7c, 8b (*Wretched of the Earth*), 9e, 10n (*Theory of the Leisure Class*), 11 f (*Life and Death in American Cities*), 12h (*One Dimensional Man*), 13j, 14a (*Youth: Identity and Crisis*).

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Cities Can Work

Continued from page 21

than 10 per cent of the New York City Police Department's personnel (and analogous percentages in other departments) performing line duty.

Without such a reorganization of city government, I do not believe massive federal aid—if it ever comes—will solve the problems of the cities. And, although the cities need the money, I'd rather not wait for it. Instead, I would suggest that two other steps be taken by the federal government to help cities solve the basic problem of staying alive.

First: On the city governmental level, there is a tremendous need for short-term, vigorous, young manpower to deal with the emergencies that every city constantly faces and the special emergencies it faces from time to time. The city's existing manpower cannot meet or effectively deal with these emergencies.

Consider: If teachers make demands that a city cannot or should not accept, and they go on strike, what happens? The city capitulates, and up go the costs of government. If there is a cold wave and a rash of complaints about lack of heat, and building inspectors cannot keep up with the volume or refuse to try, what happens? People stay cold. If sanitationmen go on strike and there is a health crisis, what happens? Unless the mayor can find a way to blame it on the governor, the city capitulates.

And what of the many areas in every city similar to those in New York City, such as Bedford-Stuyvesant in Brooklyn, Harlem in Manhattan, and Hunts Point in the Bronx, where local government has broken down and the city's total existing manpower, even if it were working at full strength, could not deal with a particular area's problems unless it worked sixteen hours a day and disregarded the remainder of the city?

The answer to all these situations is a special emergency force, consisting of young men and women who would devote two to three years of their lives to serving their city just as they are now asked to serve their country. They could quickly be given sufficient knowledge of city government to spot housing violations and to file complaints. They could move into a problem area, take it over house by house, and clean it up. They could provide extra police protection in high crime areas; collect garbage, if that were necessary; patrol the streets, if that were necessary; arrest narcotics pushers (which would be necessary); and bring help and guidance to the oppressed city dwellers who live in degradation. They could collect the rents, and make the repairs the absent landlords refused to make. Some could first complete their educations and then bring medical and legal services to the people and places that need it. No picnic, it would be hard and sometimes dangerous work. What mayor would not rejoice at such an emergency force?

The possibilities are limitless. It is clear that a force such as this is necessary if the cities are ever going to undo the damage that time, bureaucracy, and lack of money and manpower have already done.

Federal sponsorship of such a program, including financial help and especially exemption from the draft, would do more to revitalize our cities than any big gobs of money we are likely to see from Washington.

The most rewarding dividend, however, would be a generation of graduates of the emergency force. Undoubtedly, some would stay in government. And all would have a working knowledge of the problems of government that would act as a bulwark against the electoral appeal of the demagogues we can confidently expect to proliferate as television increasingly becomes politics' principal medium of communication. Furthermore, it might supply some of the meaning to life that so many of our young people seem to be seeking.

Second: the housing problem. If city governments were to operate to perfection but their present failure to build and maintain residential housing were to continue, the cities would soon die, for private enterprise, using the money and manpower available at present, simply cannot meet the cities' housing needs.

When a similar condition existed during the 1930s in the electric industry in the South, the federal government found a solution. Through the Tennessee Valley Authority and the Rural Electrification Administration, the federal government did what private industry could not do. And, while TVA was a yardstick, it was more than that; it was a stimulus to industrial growth and expansion throughout the entire South.

The cities need a federal yardstick program to build housing at rational costs. If industry and labor cannot do the job—and they simply cannot, given today's costs—let the federal government do what it did in the South in the 1930s: unabashedly go into the business of doing what the private sector cannot do.

This move would raise many problems. Vested interests in some labor unions would protest, as would construction firms and bankers. But basically all construction labor, building companies, and real estate bankers are at present devoting their efforts to commercial projects. They cannot build or finance housing at commercial construction costs, and they have not set up for themselves two scales of costs that would permit the production of expensive commercial buildings and less expensive housing. Accordingly, the cost of building housing is the same as the cost of building commercial structures, but the returns on commercial construction are many times higher. Small wonder that housing construction has stopped and private financing for housing has dried up, while new office buildings spring up one after another.

We need a federal yardstick operation with self-renewing federal money, and, if necessary, the creation of a new housing construction work force to build the millions of dwellings the cities will need in the coming years. The creation of such a housing work force might well go a long way toward solving the impasse between the black man and the existing construction unions. There is no stimulus like competition, or even the threat of it, to produce action where action is needed.

This kind of federal assistance would be far more effective than the pie-in-the-sky massive assistance most urbanologists call for. For as cities get larger and larger, their actions more and more seem to resemble those of the dinosaur—or what we imagine the dinosaur to have been in its declining years: large, clumsy, slow-moving, unable to deal with small enemies, too big to be viable, afflicted with hardening of the arteries. The extinction of the dinosaur ultimately resulted from its inability to function and to regenerate itself.

Cities are already in that condition. They are not performing their basic purpose of providing places for people to live, and because of this failure they are dying. Hungry dinosaurs would probably have been kept alive a little longer if there had been a beneficent federal government to provide food. But extinction would have remained the dinosaur's fate.

Our cities will survive and be governable only if those we elect have effective power over those who are supposed to do the work, only if those we elect are responsible and accountable to the people who elect them, and only if the federal government gives the kind of help that will make manpower available to do the work that survival requires.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Notorious vs. Run-of-the-mill

On June 7, 1965, the Supreme Court reversed the conviction in *Estes vs. Texas* of financier Billie Sol Estes on the ground that the televising of parts of his trial, despite the defendant's objections, deprived him of his right to due process under the Fourteenth Amendment. The court split 5 to 4 in its decision.

Justice White, one of the dissenters, said that he was unwilling to bar permanently and constitutionally any and all forms of TV coverage, because "currently available materials assessing the effect of cameras in the courtroom are too sparse and fragmentary." He conceded, however, that "further experience and informed judgment" might indicate that cameras in court could violate a defendant's rights "without a showing . . . of specific demonstrable prejudice."

Trial—The City and County of Denver vs. Loren R. Watson, a four-program series shown recently on the NET network, represents a commendable and fascinating effort to provide all who are concerned about the issue of free press versus fair trial with some of the necessary evidence that Justice White had in mind when he dissented in the Billie Sol Estes case.

Defendant Loren Watson, a militant leader of the Black Panthers in Denver, was acquitted by a six-member jury (men, women, all white, middle-class) after four days of trial. Each program represents, according to its producer-director team, Robert M. Fresco and Denis Sanders, "a boiled-down rather than edited" version of the full trial, with its "drone of reality," pauses, rather mild flare-ups of forensics, and occasional tedium. I found viewing the programs completely absorbing, surprisingly suspenseful (the verdict is not given until the last program), and tantalizing in their demonstration of how difficult it is to ascertain the truth—the object of our judicial process.

The charge against the defendant was resisting arrest; the testimony of the arresting officers conflicted markedly with that of the defendant and his witnesses. "Will the Truth Please Stand Up?" was the name of this courtroom game, a game permeated with black-white hostilities. (The arrest had occurred on the morning after President Nixon's election in 1968.)

The trial's happy ending makes moot the question of whether Mr. Watson's rights to a fair trial were interfered with by the cameras in the courtroom, no matter how unobtrusive. Had the defendant been convicted, however, would he have an appealable case?

Colorado and Texas are the only two states with modified versions of the American Bar Association's famous Canon 35, which recommends barring television from the courtrooms in criminal trials. Colorado permits televising at the discretion of the judge, under certain safeguards to assure dignity, calm, and proper courtroom procedures. Judge Zita Weinshienk, who presided, feels that propriety was respected, and that the cameras made no difference. Given a guilty verdict, the defense, on appeal, could have argued that more than observance of overt forms is necessary to insure a fair trial.

Chief Justice Warren, joined by Justices Douglas and Goldberg, stated in the *Estes* decision: "The prejudice of television may be so subtle that it escapes the ordinary methods of proof, but it would gradually erode our fundamental conception of trial. . . . The evil of televised trials . . . lies not in the noise and appearance of the cameras, but in the trial participants' awareness that they are being televised." The majority decision absolutely banning television from trials has been criticized by law professors as being "nebulous" and "too complex."

Justice Harlan, who concurred with reservations, said that *Estes* was a "notorious" case, and that he might not favor a ban in "run-of-the-mill" trials. Such cases, he conceded, might "educate the public as to the nature of the judicial process." The "notorious" criterion, however, is rather subjective. A year ago, in Denver, the Black Panthers were not considered notorious; today, they most certainly are. Would Judge Weinshienk make the same permissive judgment, if the case came before her now?

The Trial should be shown again and often; schools of law and of communications should study it. Judge Weinshienk said that the producers had planned to film other cases, but, in the end, they zeroed in on the Watson case. Surely, the presence of an attractive lady judge, a Black Panther defendant, and a fighting, young, white defense attorney provided a "good show," as well as instruction in the judicial process. Was this a run-of-the-mill case?

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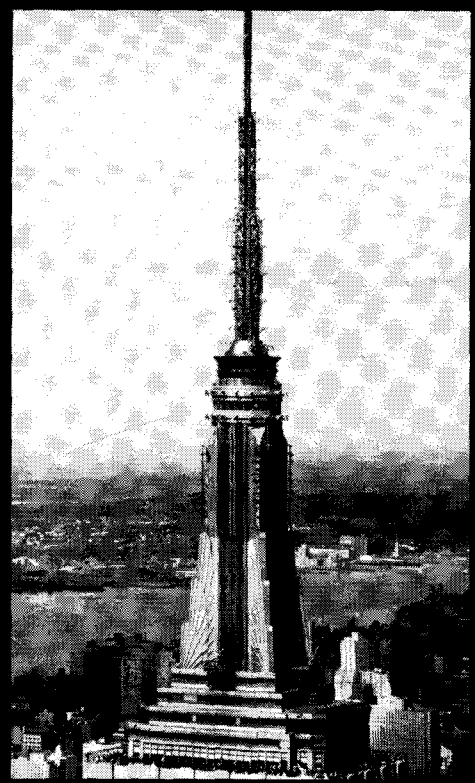
The lightning rod.

For most of its 50 years, broadcasting has been at the center of controversy. As bringers of news, good and bad, and as forums for a multitude of opinions, radio and television draw the criticism of those who feel their special interests are threatened.

Controversy is part of the fabric of a democratic system. Without it, those who have the need to be heard and those who have the right to know what may affect their lives would be equally cheated.

Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes said in 1936: "The greater the importance of safeguarding the community from incitements to the overthrow of our institutions by force and violence, the more imperative is the need to preserve inviolate the constitutional rights of free speech, free press and free assembly in order to maintain the opportunity for free political discussion, to the end that government may be responsive to the will of the people and that changes, if desired, may be obtained by peaceful means."

The news is unpredictable but here are some scheduled highlights for April.



It Couldn't Be Done. Salute to American workers and know-how for "impossible" achievements. Thursday, April 2 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Unexplained. Exploration of mysteries of science in astronomy, biology, medicine, chemistry. Friday, April 3 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Cinderella. Rodgers and Hammerstein musical starring Ginger Rogers, Walter Pidgeon, Celeste Holm, Leslie Ann Warren. Friday, April 3 (7:30-9 pm).

Discovery. Exploring Valley of Mexico; Lost World of the Mayans; Remarkable World of Seals and Sea Lions; Louisiana Purchase. Sundays, April 5, 12, 19, 26 (11:30-12 Noon).

NBC Experiment in Television. Pinter People, with British playwright; Moby Tick, original drama; Lost Valleys of West Irian, anthropological study. Sundays, April 5, 12, 19 (5-6 pm).

This Land is Mine. A look at America's beauty and why it must be preserved. Monday, April 6 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Now. Save on Your Taxes With Sylvia Porter, Part III; Black Panthers; Ecology Teach-in; TBA. Mondays, April 6, 13, 20, 27 (10:30-11 pm).

Pollution is a Matter of Choice. NBC White Paper on environmental decay. Tuesday, April 7 (7:30-8:30 pm).

42nd Annual Academy Awards. Presentations of Motion Picture Academy "Oscars." Tuesday, April 7 (10 pm-conclusion).

Hey, Cinderella. Tales from Muppetland—Spoof of Cinderella story using life-size muppets. Friday, April 10 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Adventure. Deepest Dive in History and Sacred Well of Chichen Itza; Voyage: Sail Around the World with Five Men and a Girl. Fridays, April 10, 17 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Apollo 13 Moon Mission. Liftoff, landing, moon walks, splashdown, other events, as they happen. Saturday, April 11—Tuesday, April 21.

The Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau. Night of the Squid; Return of the Sea Elephants. Sunday, April 12 (7-8 pm); Thursday, April 23 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Holland Against the Sea. National Geographic special on Netherlands. Tuesday, April 14 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Toby. CBS Children's Hour—Problems of gifted 9-year-old boy transplanted to a small town explored in Art Wallace's original drama. Saturday, April 18 (12:30-1:30 pm).

The Tony Awards. Prudential's On Stage—Annual event honoring achievements in the theatre. Sunday. April 19 (10-11:30 pm).

Health in America. CBS Reports—Three programs examine America's health. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, April 20, 21, 22 (10-11 pm).

Expo '70. Report on Japan's exposition. Friday, April 24 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Mission Possible: They Care for the Land. Struggle to prevent drainage of Florida's Big Cypress Swamp. Friday, April 24 (10-11 pm).

Cry Help! NBC White Paper on Mentally Disturbed Youth. Study of three mentally ill teenagers. Saturday, April 25 (7:30-9 pm).

Arthur Rubinstein. The life and art of the famed pianist. Sunday, April 26 (4:30-6 pm).

Marvelous! Magnificent! The Metropolitan Museum! Visual variety on Museum's centennial; NYC Mayor Lindsay, host. Sunday, April 26 (6:30-7:30 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Misterogers' Neighborhood

Tuesday: First Tuesday (appearing first Tuesday each month)/CBS News Hour

Saturday: The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/Jambo/ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Camera Three/Bullwinkle/Discovery/Frontiers of Faith/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/G-E College Bowl/Wild Kingdom/The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

One in the Bush

A TRAVELER MIGHT SEE as many animals on a safari to the San Diego Zoo as he would by trekking all the way to East Africa. But anyone who can spare the plane fare ($754, New York-Nairobi, fourteen to thirty-five days) plus several hundreds more to sign on with a photographic safari ought to make the trip before the tourists outnumber the animals. Three times as many Americans descended on Kenya last year as in 1966, and one of these days you won't be the only one on your block with an elephant-hair bracelet.

Most of the tourists who visit the East African countries of Kenya, Tanzania, and Uganda spend the better part of three weeks stalking animals with cameras and binoculars; a relatively small number come to kill, on the specially partitioned game blocks beside the sprawling reserves. There is more, however, to East Africa than its animal kingdom. The place is alive and throbbing with the human species, as any tourist will learn if he pauses long enough to lift his head from the viewfinder.

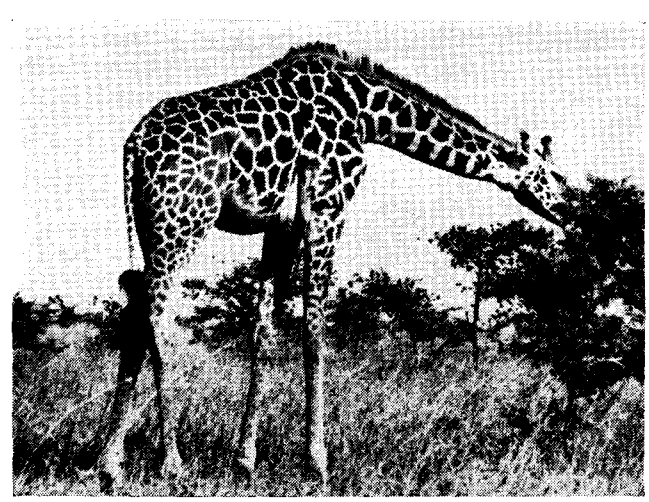
The most spectacular game country in East Africa lies to the south of Kenya in Tanzania, particularly in the preserves of Serengeti, Lake Minyara, and Ngorongoro Crater, but until tourist facilities are expanded there, most outlanders will use Nairobi as a base of operations. If a person doesn't think Nairobi is a long way from the Bronx Zoo, he will believe it after flying a minimum of fifteen hours by Pan American with a stop in Rabat, the capital of Morocco, or eighteen hours by TWA via Athens and Entebbe, a Uganda outpost on the north shore of Lake Victoria close by the equator. On TWA, I broke up the journey with an overnight in Athens, and it still took most of the following day to reach the mile-high capital of Kenya.

Even the groggiest visitor is quick to realize that although independence has been with Kenya since 1963—Jomo Kenyatta was recently inaugurated for a second term as President of the republic—Bwana in many areas is still boss. Such an observation occurs more readily perhaps to the American visitor, occupied as he is with his own black-white conflict. Many holdovers from British colonial rule carry on as though the Mau Maus had never raised a machete in anger; a snap of the fingers, or a sudden, harsh reprimand still sends many a Kenyan scurrying like a frightened animal.

On some occasions I may have mistaken a Kenyan's subservience for a charming, disarming diffidence. At other times it was apparent many Kenyans are still cowed by the presence of the lingering Great White Hunters. Sitting in a small plane getting ready for takeoff one day, I watched our leader, a by-Jove British colonial with all the proper credentials and vanity, lean out the door and thump his hand on the wing as though swatting at an insect. "Go on! Get off!" he shouted at a black Kenyan, an airport functionary, who was leaning against the wing. The man jumped away, as though he'd been whipped.

I broached the subject with a white Kenyan woman, whose parents had emigrated from Britain. "No, the colonial spirit is far from dead," she told me. "I had to make my own peace a few years ago. All my life I had looked down on black Kenyans, really didn't regard them in any way, until one day, after independence, two very open-minded white friends of mine showed up at my house with a bunch of black friends of theirs and announced they were going to spend the night. Spend the night? A black person had never put his head on a pillow in my house. But what could I say? I couldn't throw them out. I told myself right there, 'Times are changing; get with it.' So I did."

One of the colonial's favorite roosting spots in Nairobi has long been the New Stanley Hotel, owned and operated by the Block family, second generation white Kenyans whose empire has diminished somewhat in recent years, but who still control an ample portion of the tourist and recreation acreage of East Africa, including the Treetops Hotel, an overnight game-viewing hideaway on stilts. Now Inter-Continental and Hilton have built comfort havens of their own, the latter having opened last December with a seventeen-story circular tower that offers, among other new-to-Nairobi amenities, the first fully air-conditioned hotel in town. Air-conditioning is probably unnecessary in a city of such moderate climate, owing to the high elevation, but now that Hilton has done it, Inter-Continental must do the same, and will by July. I found the Hilton predictably comfortable, always ready with three retainers at the press of a button, and in charge of a good restaurant called the Amboseli Grill (named for a nearby game reserve). El Al owns a quarter of the hotel, marking the Israeli airline's entry



—Photos by Les Barry.

The new safari—"More than one towering giraffe craned its neck for a brief, teasing moment before bounding away."

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le bon voyage

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sat

into the field. It has other hotel-building plans on home soil.

My only quarrel with the Hilton is that a guest who prefers fresh night air to the machine-made variety practically needs a special dispensation from Conrad himself to get a window open. There is a mysterious lock beside each window, but as I found out, too late for my own pleasure, room service can be summoned to send a technician to undo the puzzle.

There are any number and variety of photographic safaris available to the tourist, ranging from rugged overland tenting excursions to some rather posh

air safaris on which a person need surrender none of the comforts of home. Tony Irwin, a tall, lean sportsman with the stride of a giraffe, introduced flying safaris in the early 1960s, combining operations with Lindblad Travel of New York six years ago. The idea is to save time and fatigue (if not money) by flying from one preserve or camp to the next, instead of rumbling along in the familiar zebra-striped minibuses used by most safari operators. Once at the site, you explore the reserve from the seat of a four-wheel-drive vehicle. Upwards of $1,600 will cover a three-week safari, which shuttles between a dozen stations, including Treetops, Serengeti, Tsavo, Lake Rudolf, a prime fishing spot, and Mt. Kenya Safari Club, operated by William Holden, still *the* stop on the tour for those who live well.

We flew to Tsavo, known chiefly for its huge elephant population, in a single-engine Piper Cherokee, Irwin pointing out Masai warriors and herds of a dozen kinds of animals roaming the bush below, while the tiny plane bounced along on the updrafts of hot air rising in the late-morning heat. It was hard to keep the glasses steady enough to bring the bush creatures into sharper focus, but one hypnotic sight remained in view throughout the hour-long flight: Mount Kilimanjaro, immense, purple, topped with streaks of silvery snow, thrusting above the bush like the product of another continent.

The pilot buzzed the dirt landing strip beside the Tsavo tenting camp to check for animals that might have strayed onto the runway before he put the plane down to the shrieking welcome of an Akamba tribe dancing group Irwin had arranged for our arrival. The dozen or so tribesmen and women leaped and danced about to the screeching commands of their leader up front, who behaved rather like a drill sergeant gone amuck. The women, covered on top with black halters, might have wanted to dance less encumbered, but Kenyatta's government has made it a policy to dress up its tribeswomen lest the world retain pre-independence, *National Geographic* images of life in Africa.

Evelyn Vogs, a lovely blonde courier who conducts Irwin's safaris, showed me around Tsavo, something of a luxury camp with flushing toilets, showers that stream from an overhead can with the pull of a chain, a mascot rhino named Rudi, who lolls by a shallow stream beside the camp and noses his way into the thatched bar on his more ambitious rounds. Miss Vogs was born in Germany, reared in the bush where she bottle-fed abandoned animals, à la *Born Free*, and was taught a finely clipped English. What she regrets about safaris is that so few young people can afford the long flight and the considerable expense of eyeballing East Africa's animal kingdom. Her blonde good looks and job ensure the usual run of wisecracks about me-Tarzan-you-Jane (although her well-tailored pale green safari outfit is anything but brief). Nor has she quite adapted Jane-like to the jungle. We were standing in a clearing near the camp when she jumped back with a start. "Oh, I thought I saw a snake," she said. "The last time I was here at Tsavo, I almost stepped on a spitting cobra. I just screamed."

Irwin's couriers, most of them young women, are expected to know 250 bird species as well as the broad range of animal life. Our trip into the bush by Toyota Land Cruiser (which is overtaking the Land Rover in popularity) turned out more for the birds, many of the animals shying away from the early-afternoon heat. More than 20,000 elephants have been counted in Tsavo, but we spotted nary a one through the rolling thicket and naked, spiky trees. Plenty of impalas and gazelles posed vainly for our cameras, and more than one towering giraffe craned its neck for a brief, teasing moment, one ear aflutter to keep away the flies, before bounding away in fluid, soundless slow motion.

Another safari took me by minibus to the verdant Highlands north of Nairobi, once a colonial stronghold of well

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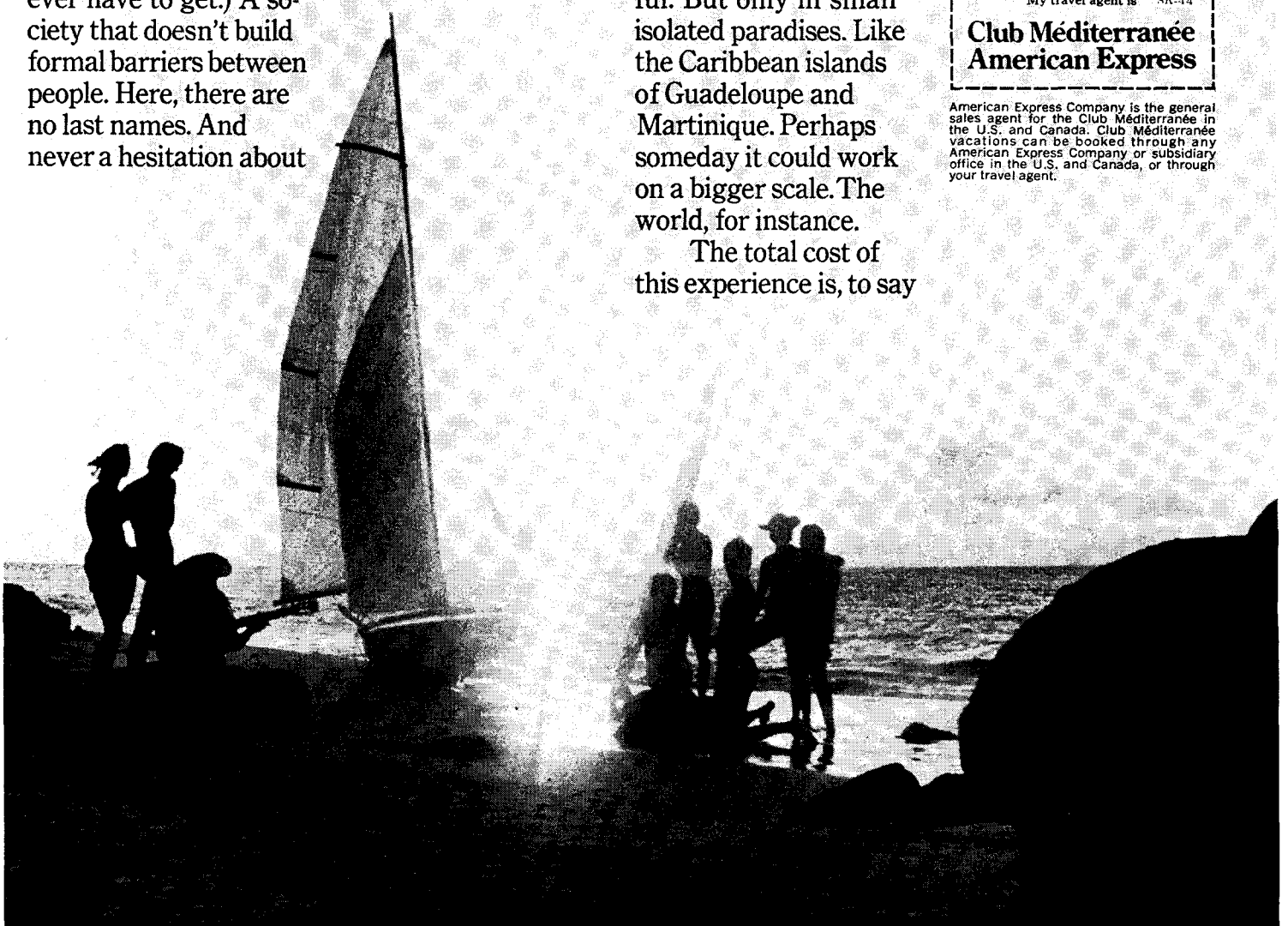

Vacation in an experimental society.

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manicured farms and more recently a favored refuge of Mau Mau warriors. Bill Woodley, the warden for the huge national parkland that covers three mountain ranges in the region, fought the Mau Maus and, after independence, turned around and hired some of his more accomplished foes to help guard the outdoors. His rangers are an odd and imposing sight, well muscled and standing tall in crisp khaki with turbaned caps, looking rather like Great Black Hunters. Woodley, firm and military in demeanor, has produced what seems more a crack drill outfit than a group of forest rangers.

Aberdere Country Club, once a private colonial estate, has been turned into a handsome resort by an impish, energetic Dane named Mogens Soeborg. The main stone lodge and five attractively furnished cottages stand above a terraced lawn that sweeps down to an aviary atwitter with hundreds of birds and, beyond, a fine trout stream. We sat on the lawn by a flowering Cape chestnut, having a rare lunch of Cape buffalo soup, Tommy steak (from a Thomson's gazelle), and saddle of bush buck, taking in the view of the mountain ranges rearing above the wooded Highlands. One realized for the moment how contented a colonial must have felt in the days that were.

Aberdere is the base camp for another Soeborg enterprise known as the Ark, a modern answer to Treetops. In fact, the two are only ten miles or so apart, and just a short, bouncing ride from the country club. The Ark, built to resemble Noah's vessel, is an overnight viewing stand, more elegantly appointed than Treetops but still rustic and honest. The main attraction is the animal parade that comes and goes through a salt-lick clearing beside the Ark. I didn't see much action from my chair on the outdoor deck, but various hyenas, buffaloes, and wild boars did make appearances toward dusk and later in a glow cast by several powerful spotlights. The biggest commotion all night came from the upper deck, just as I was going to bed. Upon investigation, I found a man from Illinois circling the deck doing his daily jogging.

After dark the gangplank leading to the Ark is blocked off so a person doesn't wander out into the teeming no man's land. During the night, when the *eskari* (Swahili for night watchman) sees a worthy sight such as a herd of 100 elephants or two rhinos fighting to the death, he wakes the hunter, who then activates a buzzer system that goes off in each room, alerting the guests to the main event. I fell asleep to the croaking of frogs and heard nothing else until morning. It was the elephants' night off.

Science/The Endless Search

John Lear

The Countdown for 1970

THE CONSTITUTION of the United States of America includes several scientific clauses. One of them says that the citizens of the nation must be enumerated every ten years to assure true representation in all legislative bodies. This week is the week of the big count for the seventh decade of the twentieth century. If the mails function properly (a great deal to expect these days), the head of every household in the land should have received last Saturday a large envelope containing the census questionnaire. By Wednesday of this week all the questions are expected to be answered (mostly by penciling dots at designated points after the question marks), and the questionnaire ready to be returned to Washington, D. C. People living in big cities are supposed to mail their questionnaires; residents of smaller towns and of rural areas will have their questionnaires picked up by census enumerators who will visit each house. Although the counting will not be finished until the end of the year, it is already known that the census will show the following facts to be true:

• About 200 million people now live in the United States, about twenty-five million more than lived here in 1960—not quite as big a jump as occurred between 1950 and 1960, which was the biggest jump in history.

• California has become the most populous state, nudging New York off the top of the list of Presidential electorate vote blocks.

• Pennsylvania has lost more people than any other state.

• About eleven in every 100 citizens are black; the remainder predominantly are white.

• The number of blacks is growing about one-third faster than the number of whites.

• Only 53 per cent of the blacks now live in the South.

• Among the blacks who live in the North there were proportionately more voters in 1966 and 1968 than there were among whites who live in the South.

• College enrollment among the blacks, North and South, is 85 per cent higher than it was fifty years ago.

• College enrollment among blacks and whites together is almost double what it was ten years ago.

• Twice as many white people as black people are living in poverty, although poverty is proportionately higher among the blacks. The number of those living in poverty is approximately equal to the increase in population that has occurred since 1960.

• The central cores of the big cities are getting progressively blacker. They are losing more whites than they are gaining blacks. Their population density, therefore, is thinning out somewhat, while the suburbs are growing. Three-fourths of the total population growth has occurred in the suburbs.

• About forty million people have left the farm (a farm is a piece of land containing more than ten acres, from which is sold at least $50 worth of produce a year, or a parcel of less than ten acres, from which is sold at least $250 worth of produce a year) in the past fifty years—as many as immigrated to America from other lands in the century and a half between 1820 and 1960.

• The net result of the shift of population from the farm to the city and then back out to the suburbs is to put three-fourths of all the people on 1 per cent of all the land.

How long this unhealthy state of affairs will continue is dependent on the family-making wishes of the young married couples of the population and those even younger who are not yet married. Although the lowest birth rate in the history of the United States occurred in 1968, it was not a sudden phenomenon in any way related to the contraceptive pill or the intrauterine device. The birth rate has been declining since 1957. Proportionately more women are marrying, they are marrying at an earlier age than ever before, and they are completing the child-bearing period of their lives more quickly than ever before. Apparently, they are postponing the appearance of their first child and probably the appearance of the second. But they are showing a preference for two to three children instead of the earlier indicated trend toward one child or none. What one couple does is not so im-

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portant as what an age cohort does, and three very big cohorts are now lined up. Twenty-three-year-olds in the population number a million more than they did last year. Thirteen-year-olds are more numerous than ever before, and so are nine-year-olds.

• The family as an institution has some new situations to face. The old-fashioned commune of grandparents, parents, brothers, sisters, cousins, uncles, and aunts is virtually gone. The one-person household is occupying a greater place than ever before. It arises not only from parents who lost a mate and outgrew their children but from children who have left the parental roof prior to their own marriage. Another part of this story is what has happened to the devoted married couple. Back in 1890, it was typical for one parent to be left alone by the death of the other before the youngest child had left the home. Today, a married couple can count on sixteen years of life together after the youngest child sets out on his own.

All the foregoing facts come from the Current Population Survey, which is done by Census Bureau enumerators monthly. Sixty thousand households (roughly one in every 1,000), chosen so as to constitute an accurate statistical sample of the country's total population outside the armed forces and long-term institutions, are queried. The questions change with time. For example, income levels are obtained in the spring, when people have the figures conveniently at hand for the filing of income tax returns. In October, school enrollments of children from three years of age upward are checked, in phase with the reopening of schools.

When concern over the effects of cigarette smoking on the death rate was at a peak, citizens in the monthly sample were asked whether or not they smoked. Working mothers have been asked how they care for their children; the answers revealed existence of very few day-care centers. (In other words, care of children of working mothers in this country is a peril-our mess.) Although the government has urgent need to know about birth control practices, this is one piece of information that is never asked for. It was ruled out on grounds of sensitivity, after a question about religion in 1957 drew protests from Jewish, Protestant, and civil rights groups.

Whatever other questions may be asked, the sample questionnaire always includes questions about employment. It was concern over unemployment that caused the monthly survey to be started in 1937 by the Works Progress Administration, when the late Franklin D. Roosevelt was President and starvation was just around the corner for many people. Unemployment now is less than it was ten years ago. Jobs are easier to find in city cores than in the more populous suburbs. But they are twice as scarce for Negroes as for whites.

It would be wrong to say that the Current Population Survey is done stealthily. However, the manner of gathering data is not as straightforward as it might be. Whereas citizens must answer the decennial census questions or face punishment, participation in the monthly survey is voluntary. But the people in the survey sample are not told that they are free to refrain from answering unless they themselves raise the issue. The system has been criticized for lack of candor. The designers of the survey defend the practice on the grounds that a positive approach gets better results. Less than 2 per cent of the responders object to being questioned. But the protest rate is now double what it once was, and there is talk within the Census Bureau of reforming the method to fit current concepts of civil rights.

Why, it might be asked, should taxpayers be put to the expense of a census every ten years, if reliable information can be obtained from a sample survey every month?

A one-in-1,000 sample can accurately reflect national trends and totals, and even give regional findings quite close to the detailed realities in the northeastern states, the north central states, the South, and the West. But it cannot tell much about the individualities of states or cities, let alone counties, townships, or neighborhoods.

This year, Denver must redistrict itself for the election of a city council. Therefore, it must know its population count block by block, up one side of the street and down the other. Chicago has a similar need. New York State has a legislative redistricting problem that requires block-by-block statistics for every city in the state, regardless of size. The Census Bureau budget allows block count funds for only those cities with more than 50,000 population; the bill for extra costs involved in the block count for smaller cities must be paid by New York. This special work cannot be classified as a political favor; 134 other governmental authorities of one kind or another throughout the country are paying for special projects to make sure that everyone is accounted for in the 1970 census.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

André Jobin and "Pelléas"; Ormandy, Szell, and Perlman

ONE THING surely to the credit of Julius Rudel is the order of intellect that qualifies him to be described as the thinking man's opera director. One may not always like what he does with an opera he chooses to produce with the New York City Opera Company, but there is, almost invariably, a reason why. In the instance of the present revival at the New York State Theater of Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande,* it is the clear intent of the production to reduce the distance between the withdrawn, remote atmosphere of the work and the average operagoer.

This is a laudable objective, but the numbers of approaches to it are infinite. Does one follow the path marked VERNACULAR and sponsor an English translation? Hardly, in this most intimate association of words (Maeterlinck's) and music in the literature. Can the Zeffirelli kind of teen-age *Romeo and Juliet* treatment be ventured? Not if the music is to be served suitably. Or, if other means fail, is there the possibility that the scope of the creation can be expanded, in the recreation, to make it less withdrawn and remote, and thus engage the audience on its own terms rather than on Debussy's?

It was within the context of this "upgrading" (in the purely dynamic sense) that Patricia Brooks was the Mélisande, with Louis Quilico as Golaud. Miss Brooks is an able actress and a careful operatic artist, but neither the color nor quality of her sound is suitable to Mélisande. Likewise Quilico, who presented himself as overyouthful in appearance and more than desirably vibrant in sound. Such vocal qualifications might work well for him were they employed more sparingly, but this is a "sing-out" *Pelléas* and he led all the others in volume. Among such appeals to extremes, the Pelléas of André Jobin (son of the Metropolitan tenor Raoul, who flourished in the late Thirties and early Forties) flourished much less than it might have in other circumstances. His background with the Jean-Louis Barrault Company was apparent in his fine bearing and believable pattern of action; his family conditioning asserted itself through careful development of a likable, if slender, vocal endowment. Together they provided a degree of refinement rarely heard in his role. But it was too often disadvantaged by the amount of sound Rudel was drawing from the orchestra.

If this served Debussy well when the curtain was down, enabling the interludes to be more consistently audible than they often are, it too often enlarged and expanded the scale of values when the curtain was up. There was, inevitably, some kind of operatic effect in the explication of the considerable quantity of beautiful music in this score; but the implications, suggestions, and half-statements of Debussy's "anti-opera" were too often slighted. It did not serve musical purposes well to utilize a boy soprano (Robert Puleo) as Yniold, but Malcolm Smith (Arkel), Frances Bible (Geneviève), and Don Yule (Physician) sustained their requirements well. Some exception could be taken to Frank Corsaro's overexplicit action (again, on behalf of the average operagoer), but it was, for the most part, appropriate. Lloyd Evans's sets and costumes were simple, functional, and picturesque. In the aggregate this might be described, in the current idiom, as some kind of *Pelléas,* but it is only infrequently Debussy's.

Orchestral excellence was in strong supply during the week, with Mahler's Second Symphony as the substantial matter of a Philadelphia Orchestra concert in Philharmonic Hall under the direction of Eugene Ormandy, and the first concert by the New York Philharmonic in another sequence with George Szell.

Ormandy's effort was very much in the manner of the work itself. As it strove toward its emotional fulfillment in the setting of "Urlicht," sung with majestic insight as well as fine control by the Finnish mezzo Birgit Finnila, all the complications of the score were drawn tightly together. Once within sight of the goal summarized by the chorale "Aufersteh'n," Ormandy joined effect to effect in a way that drew every sonorous fulfillment from the instrumentalists, the massed voices of the Singing City Choirs, and the eloquently expressive sound of the Philippine-born soprano, Evelyn Mandac. In the earlier movements, however, Ormandy's results gave the impression of a greater concern with the glassy surface rather than the ghostly depths (of the second section) or more that was sentimental than sardonic (in the third).

In the Philharmonic program, the aural excitement was provided not by Szell's direction of Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini* Overture or the G-major (No. 8) Symphony of Dvořák, but rather in his collaboration with Itzhak Perlman in four of the five movements of Edouard Lalo's *Symphonie espagnole* (the third section was, as usual, the one omitted). There are precedents available for the fiery brilliance of the solo performance by the enormously gifted Israeli violinist, but few for the superbly detailed delivery of the orchestral score under Szell's exacting direction. Trivial is as trivial does, but it takes a special order of insight to regard the minor masterpiece, however minor, as a masterpiece still. It was to this commitment that Szell bent all the knowledge and will at his command.

The season's first tender of a "complete" segment of the Beethoven literature began in Tully Hall with the Juilliard Quartet performing the first of his sixteen quartets (in F) followed by the E-minor (Op. 59) and the A-minor (Op. 132). It was unremittingly fine quartet playing, on a high level of musicianship and insight, and with a technical command that left few objectives beyond the players' attainment.

Such virtuosity may, however, disserve as much as the lack of it. On this occasion, it was leader Robert Mann's inclination to magnify everything in the fast movements that would depict the composer on a heroic scale. It could perhaps be regarded in Opus 18, No. 1, as a way of informing the audience immediately that this was a work of Beethoven not Haydn, but the point could have been made more subtly. In the instance of the E-minor, the slashing attack was even less defensible. Tensions and stresses are in sufficient supply, through the composer's inner construction, not to require outer reinforcement. By contrast, slow movements were poured out in glowing phrases rather than merely being performed, note by note.

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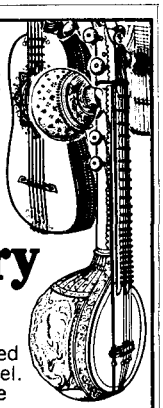
—*New Republic*



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ENVIRONMENT
and the Quality of Life

How to Get Nowhere

In 1967, President Lyndon B. Johnson startled some members of Congress by calling for an expenditure of $300-million to combat air and water pollution. Less than three years later, there was hardly a murmur in Congress when President Richard M. Nixon proposed ten billion dollars for water purification. The willingness of Congress to give the President a blank check on environmental affairs is a measure of the velocity with which public concern is moving on anything having to do with decontamination.

The trouble with the government's attitude toward our environment today has nothing to do with dollars. The problem lies rather with contradictory policies being pursued within the government itself. Only a few days after his excellent statement proposing a nationwide fight against all forms of pollution, the President publicly supported the expenditure of mammoth sums for new superhighway construction. The connection between superhighways and massive environmental poisoning was disregarded. The proposed new superhighways will devour hundreds of thousands of acres and deplete even further the already limited ability of the nation's greenery to manufacture oxygen. The land will be buried under tar and cement and will become the crowded habitat of yet more combustion engines and exhaust pipes.

The nation is in serious need of expanded transportation facilities. The best way of meeting this need, however, is not by constructing yet more superhighways but by providing modern, efficient, comfortable systems for mass transportation. America is being strangled by traffic congestion. Most of this congestion is caused by too many people having to get to the same places. Frustration and despair are the daily portion of almost everyone who has to travel.

The essential question—both with respect to the nation's transportation crisis and the environmental crisis—is where best to put our dollars and our technological capacity. If congested traffic could be relieved only by adding to the burden of poison in the environment, then something might be said for it. But it is clearly within the scientific and technological capacity of the United States to devise and construct modern means of mass transport without at the same time incurring profound pollution liabilities. The new high-speed monorail service from the heart of Tokyo to the city's airport is a strong example of the kind of transportation system so urgently needed to rescue human beings from highway prisons.

Consider the anomaly of Chicago's O'Hare Airport. The expressways to the airport are still relatively new, but were obsolete within a year or two after being opened. Even if the expressways were to be doubled in size, in no time at all the combination of mushrooming suburbs and increased air traffic would make the new road system just as much of a torture chamber as it is now. The same is true of New York City's Long Island Expressway, one of the most striking examples of incompetent roadway planning in the nation. It seems inconceivable that highway designers and engineers would ignore the need for adequate turnoffs for disabled cars or for wider lanes at merger points, but such is the sorry state of the Long Island Expressway and the city's even newer Bruckner Boulevard overpass. The result is that the road to Kennedy Airport during the rush hour is less a route than the world's longest parking lot.

Both O'Hare and Kennedy airports —and a half-dozen other major American airports—are in crying need of rapid monorail systems. Airline passengers would check in at a convenient downtown point, relieving themselves of their baggage. They would be sped in comfort to the airports in fifteen minutes and shuttled directly to their planes. Similar monorails could be extended into the suburbs to unsnarl commuter problems.

The nation could do worse than to call a moratorium on superhighway construction until it takes care of its desperate need for modern mass transportation systems.

The essence of ecology, as has been stated many times, is that everything is connected to everything else. To the extent that government policy reflects and respects this principle, it will become a major and effective force in safeguarding the American environment.

—N. C.

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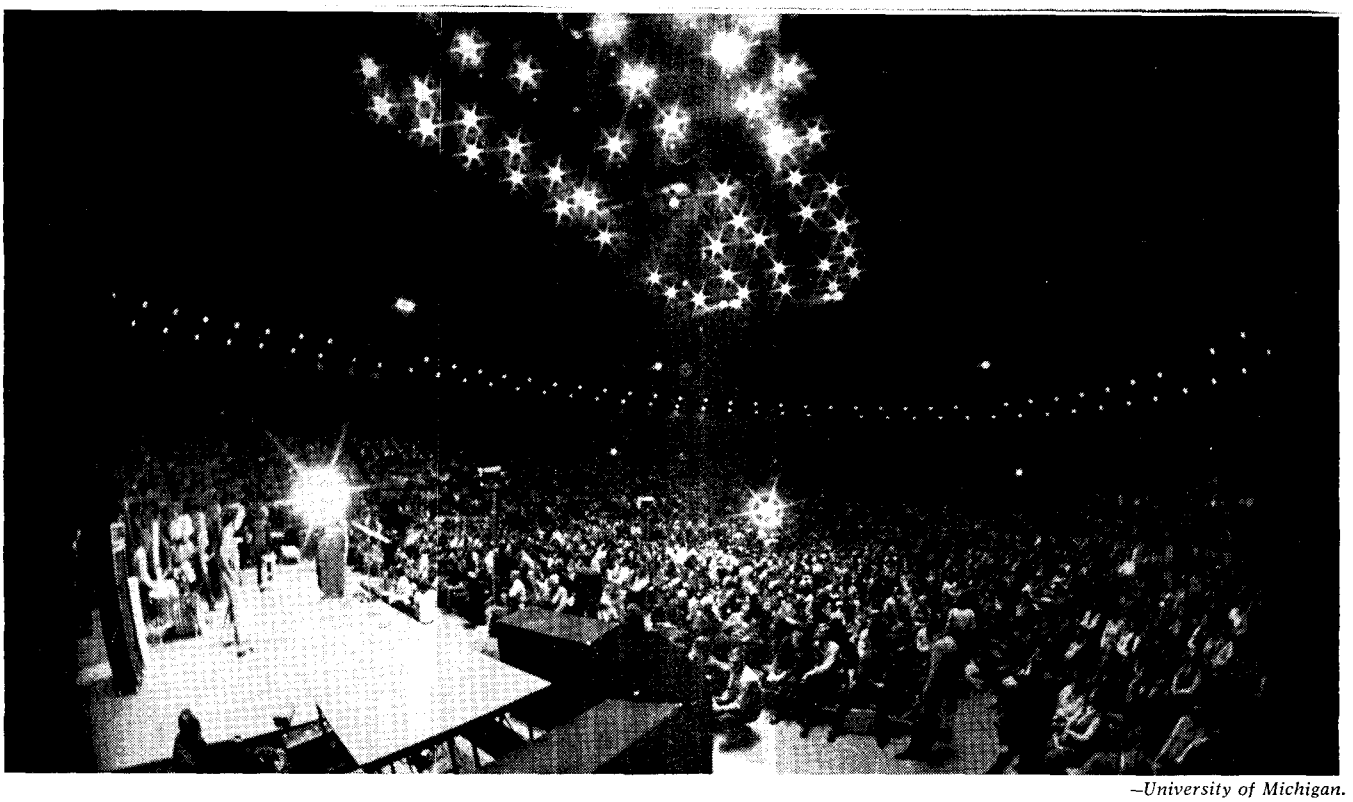

—*University of Michigan.*

The Chicago cast of "Hair" entertains at kick-off rally for University of Michigan teach-in.

BEYOND THE TEACH-IN

The environmental movement has become a kind of theater where the deep-seated issues of a troubled world come under the spotlight, have their turns, and interact.

by BARRY COMMONER

The sudden public concern with the environment has taken many people by surprise. After all, garbage, foul air, putrid water, and mindless noise are nothing new; the sights, smells, and sounds of pollution have become an accustomed burden of life. To be sure, the mess has worsened and spread in the last decade, but not at a rate to match the dramatic, nearly universal reaction to it that has hit the country in the past year.

Although the growing demand for action against environmental pollution is very clear, it is not so clear how the movement came about and where it is going. This is a particularly crucial time to find out. For the environmental teach-ins that are being planned on thousands of campuses this month are both the chief evidence of the origins of the movement and the main force that will determine its future.

Several environmental teach-ins have already taken place, the largest of them being that of March 11-14 at the University of Michigan, where the roster of speakers and participants was dramatic evidence that the environmental movement has become a meeting place for major and divergent elements of American society.

The kick-off rally for the teach-in, attended by 15,000 enthusiastic students, was addressed by Michigan's Governor Milliken, and a number of other municipal, state, and federal officials were present—testimony to the importance government figures attach to voter interest in the environment.

Among the teach-in speakers were a variety of scientists with a professional interest in the environment: biologists, ecologists, engineers, sociologists, urban analysts, and public health experts. This reflects one of the earliest origins of the environmental movement—the work of those of us in the scientific community who, some years ago, began to detect in our own studies evidence that pollution is not only a nuisance but a threat to the health, even the survival, of mankind.

The well-known performers Arthur Godfrey and Eddie Albert—both ardent conservationists and anti-pollutionists—were teach-in participants, lending the prestige of the world of entertainment. Ralph Nader, another teach-in participant, spoke for the consumer and dealt with the failure of our technological society to meet the real needs of those who live in it.

Industry was represented by officers of the Detroit Edison Company, Ford Motor Company, Dow Chemical Company, and others—all industries that bear a large responsibility for serious pollution problems. The interest of these companies in public concern with the environment has become a matter of direct corporate necessity.

Labor was represented by Walter Reuther, whose union—the United Automobile Workers—opposed the construction about five years ago of Detroit Edison's Fermi reactor, located about five miles outside Detroit. Through an educational program, the UAW has developed a broad interest in environmental quality, and that consideration is now included among UAW contract demands.

That the president of the Dow Chemical Company was invited to speak at Michigan reveals another important element in the environmental movement. Dow has been, of course, a prime target of the antiwar movement; its campus recruiting program has triggered many demonstrations by student activists, who cite the hold of the military-industrial complex on U.S. policy as a reason why our social system must be radically changed. And the activists

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had *their* representatives on the roster of teach-in speakers—one being Murray Bookchin, an environmental analyst who takes a socio-revolutionary approach to this and other social ills. Finally, the speech that closed the teach-in was given by Richard Hatcher, mayor of Gary, Indiana, a city that suffers the specially intense environmental problems of a largely black population.

The Michigan teach-in epitomized the remarkable convergence around the environmental issue of a number of earlier, separate concerns: conservation, scientists' responsibility for the social consequences of science and technology, the consumer movement, the young generation's feeling for a more humane life-style, the businessman's worries over the impact of all of these on industrial profits, the problem of the ghetto and urban decay, the antiwar movement, and student activism against the nation's social and economic system. Somehow, the issue of environmental quality touches all these separate facets of the crisis of American society.

I can report from my own experience that there is a close link between the problem of war and the problem of the environment. My concern with the environment does not stem from my professional training; I was trained as a cellular biologist, not as an ecologist. But I also learned that science is part of society and that every scientist owes it to himself, and to the society that supports him, to be concerned with the impact of science on social problems. And it was the problem of war that first introduced me to the environmental crisis. In the 1950s, when nuclear tests first showered the world with fallout, and the Atomic Energy Commission showered the nation with assurances that radiation was "harmless," I studied, along with many other scientists, the path that fallout takes in the environment from the bomb to man. And I was shocked to learn that nuclear radiation is never harmless, to the ecosystem or to man. That is when I began to appreciate the importance of the environment to man. It was the AEC that turned me into an ecologist.

There are specific links between the environmental crisis, the evils of war in general, and the war in Vietnam in particular. One link can be seen in the economics of war and of pollution. That our industrial system is heavily sustained by the military diversion of human and natural resources from human needs has been demonstrated cogently by numerous observers; the military-industrial complex was not a myth to President Eisenhower, nor is it to the stockholders in major American industries. What is less

Earth Day Happenings

April 22

Students at some 3,000 high schools and 1,000 colleges across the country are expected to observe April 22, designated as Earth Day, with teach-ins, panels of speakers, seminars, film screenings, and exhibits, all dealing with the environment crisis. The idea was suggested by Senator Gaylord Nelson last fall and has since been developed by the students themselves. In addition to the speakers and academic observances, action programs are being planned by most campuses. Here is a sampling of what may take place:

Harvard University—A teach-in is being lined up for Earth Day eve that will feature Senator Edmund S. Muskie, chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Air and Water Pollution, Barry Commoner—both of whom spoke at Michigan—and George Wiley, head of the National Welfare Rights Organization. George Wald, Harvard biology professor, will moderate. On Earth Day itself, Russell E. Train, chairman of President Nixon's recently created Council on Environmental Controls, is expected to speak at the Harvard School of Business Administration. In addition, student organizers are considering blocking traffic along a major local artery—perhaps the Callahan Tunnel, which connects downtown Boston with Logan Airport—holding an anti-SST demonstration at the airport, and, weather permitting, staging "festivals of life" along the Charles River.

University of Pennsylvania—Earth Day will climax a week of activities—Earth Week. Rain or shine, an outdoor rally will be held at Belmont Plateau in Fairmont Park, overlooking Philadelphia. Speakers will include George Wald, Allen Ginsberg, Senator Muskie, Lewis Mumford, and Ian McHarg, chairman of the university's Department of Landscape, Architecture, and Regional Planning. That night, Mayor John V. Lindsay of New York City will speak at the university.

University of Texas (Austin) and colleges in the Houston area—Plans are under way to mobilize every college and high school in both areas at rallies that will use speakers and films.

University of Wisconsin—Interest is being expressed in "liberating Main Street" from the automobile by some as-yet-unspecified means. The particular Main Street remains unnamed.

University of Chicago—A rally may be staged at Civic Center Plaza in downtown Chicago to demonstrate against inadequate handling of the city's environmental problems.

University of California (Berkeley) and Stanford University—There is talk of picketing selected local polluters and holding a "smorgasbord" at their plants—dumping garbage on their doorsteps.

University of North Carolina—"Eco-tours" may be held to selected areas of pollution with "trash-ins" to deposit refuse at an as-yet-undesignated spot.

University of Tennessee—Buses may be chartered to run a "deadwood trail" to polluted spots as counterpoint to Knoxville's popular "dogwood trail."

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known, but can be equally well documented, is that the profitability of most American industry and agriculture has been related significantly to their avoidance of a large cost of doing business—environmental deterioration. For example, the power industry, a major cause of urban air pollution, sells electricity to its consumers for a certain amount of money, but those same consumers pay an added cost for the environmental consequences of the power they buy—in laundry bills caused by soot, and in doctor bills (and some reduction in their life expectancy) caused by sulfur dioxide and organic air pollutants from power plants. The dollar value alone of these "social costs" of air pollution that we now know of—and many remain unknown—adds about 25 per cent to the city dweller's electric bill.

Some economists assert that the economic system could readily adjust itself to this situation by undertaking the cost of preventing pollution and adding that cost to the real price of its products. Such a readjustment would affect the cost to the consumer, not only of power but of all manufactured goods (nearly every factory pollutes the air and water), of transportation (cars, trucks, and airplanes are major polluters of air), and of food (U.S. agriculture, through its use of intensive fertilization and feedlots for fattening cattle to high-priced grades, bears a major responsibility for water pollution; organic wastes from U.S. feedlots exceed those produced by the total U.S. urban population). It may be that the economic system *can* get along without the crutch provided by the diversion of environmental costs to the people, and that it *can* get along without the crutch of military production. But thus far it hasn't, and one can at least suspect that in both cases the crutch has become a support essential to the system's stability.

Another close link between the problems of war and the environment is that both represent the inability of our technology to foresee its own inherently fatal environmental flaws. Like detergents—which, much to their developers' surprise, failed to be accommodated by natural water systems and bloomed into unsightly mounds of foam on our rivers—or the unanticipated ecological backlash of DDT, the nation's war program can be viewed as a vast technological blunder. When, in the 1950s, the Pentagon and its scientific advisers decided to hang the nation's defense on nuclear weapons, they did not know what the scientific community has since told them: It will not work; no nation can survive a nuclear war. Remember that in 1956 Eisenhower campaigned for continued nuclear tests in part because "by the most sober and responsible scientific judgment they do not imperil the health of man." Eight years later, Johnson praised the nuclear test ban treaty, because it "halted the steady, menacing increase of radioactive fallout." The Pentagon also told scientists that it would not use herbicides in Vietnam if it believed that these agents would have "long-term ecological effects" on that tortured land. Now we know from scientific evidence that mangrove areas of Vietnam will not recover from herbicide attacks for at least twenty years. Indeed, because of herbicide attacks not only on forest areas but on food crops, together with the massive assaults by more conventional weapons, the war in Vietnam represents, in my opinion, the first ecological warfare conducted by the United States since the attacks on American Indians. The technological failure of biological warfare as a suitable means of defense (for there is no way to test artificial infectious agents, much less use them, without incurring serious risks to ourselves) was recently acknowledged when the government ordered the abandonment of its entire biological warfare program.

—*University of Michigan.*

"Pollution walk" along Huron River

If there is little reason to regard the environmental movement as a diversion from the antiwar movement, its relation to the racial issue is less clear. Some approaches to the environmental problem seem to run counter to the interests of the blacks. This was dramatized recently at San Jose State College, where, as a symbol of environmental rebellion, a student program was climaxed by the burial of a brand new car. The event was picketed by black students who believed the $2,500 paid for the car could have been better spent in the ghetto.

The San Jose burial reflects a personalized attack on the environmental crisis, an approach that is now fairly common among some student groups. They reason that pollution in the United States is caused by the excessive consumption of goods and resources, a favorite statistic being that the U.S. contains about 6 per cent of the world's population but consumes half of the planet's total goods and resources. Since the wastes generated by this intense consumption pollute our environment, the eco-activist is advised to "consume less." In the absence of the added statistic that in the United States the per capita consumption by blacks is much lower than that of whites, such observations are not likely to arouse the enthusiasm of blacks.

Disaffiliation of blacks from the environmental movement would be particularly unfortunate, because in many ways blacks are the special victims of pollution and have much to teach whites about survival. A white suburbanite can escape from the city's dirt, smog, carbon monoxide, lead, and noise when he goes home; the ghetto dweller not only works in a polluted environment, he lives in it. And in the ghetto he confronts added environmental problems: rats and other vermin and the danger of his children's suffering lead poisoning when they eat bits of ancient, peeling paint. To middle-class Americans, survival is not a familiar issue. They have not yet learned how to face such a soul-shaking threat, as demonstrated by the continued failure to appreciate that the existence of ready-armed nuclear weapons may bring doomsday as close as tomorrow. For blacks, the issue of

(*Continued on page* 62)

Barry Commoner is director of the Center for the Biology of Natural Systems at Washington University, St. Louis. He is a biologist and cautionary environmentalist who has long been a leader in the movement to inform the public of the ecological facts of life. Dr. Commoner was a founder of the St. Louis Committee for Nuclear Information, now known as the Committee for Environmental Information, which publishes "Environment" magazine.

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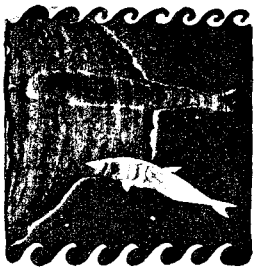
Why the world's population crisis will not be solved by supposedly inexhaustible supplies of food from the ocean.



THE FOOD-FROM-THE-SEA MYTH

by PAUL R. EHRLICH
and ANNE H. EHRLICH

Perhaps the most pervasive myth of the population-food crisis is that mankind will be saved by harvesting the "immeasurable riches" of the sea. Unfortunately, the notion that we can extract vastly greater amounts of food from the sea in the near future is just an illusion promoted by the uninformed. Biologists have carefully measured the riches of the sea, have considered the means of harvesting them, and have found them wanting as a solution to the world's food problem.

The basis of the food-from-the-sea myth seems to be theoretical estimates that productivity of fisheries might be increased to many times current yields. However, the most recent analysis by J. H. Ryther of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution in Massachusetts puts the maximum sustainable fish yield in the vicinity of 100 million metric tons, somewhat less than twice the 1967 harvest of some sixty million metric tons. Other marine biologists think a yield of 150 million metric tons is conceivable. To surpass 100-150 million metric tons would require moving down the food chain from the big fish ordinarily found in fish markets to the harvesting of plankton. All signs at the moment indicate that this will not be feasible or profitable in the foreseeable future, if ever. More calories of fuel and human energy would be spent on harvesting the plankton than could be gained, the expenditure of money would be colossal in relation to the yield, and the product would require considerable processing to be made palatable as human food. In addition, harvesting plankton would result in the depletion of desirable stocks of larger fish living further up the food chain. The most careful analysis indicates that the world harvest might be increased to seventy million tons or so by 1980. On a per capita basis, however, an increase of this amount would actually constitute a small *decline*—unless the human population growth rate were to decrease in the next decade.

But two problems stand between man and the future achievement of that seventy million or more tons of yield. The first is overexploitation, the second is oceanic pollution. The story of the whale fisheries serves as a model of overexploitation. Although whales are mammals and not fishes, the hunting of them is arbitrarily called a fishery. In 1933, 28,907 whales were caught, and they produced 2,606,201 barrels of whale oil. In 1966, 57,891 whales were killed, or almost exactly twice as many as in 1933. But twice as many whales yielded only 1,546,904 barrels of oil, or just about 60 per cent of the 1933 yield. The reason is that as the larger kinds of whales were driven toward extinction, the industry shifted to harvesting not only the young individuals of large species, but, with time, smaller and smaller species.

After the Second World War, the seventeen countries interested in whaling established the International Whaling Commission (IWC). This commission was charged with regulating the annual harvest, setting limits to the catch, and protecting whale species from extinction. In theory, commissioners from the various nations were to be responsible for ensuring the compliance of each nation's whalers with IWC decisions, but in fact their powers of inspection and enforcement were nonexistent. Instead of setting quotas on individual whale species, the IWC unfortunately established quotas on the basis of "blue whale units." A blue whale unit (bwu) is one blue whale or the equivalent in terms of other species, e.g., two fin whales, two and a half humpback whales, or six sei whales. The nations engaged in whaling in the antarctic fishery were allowed a combined quota of 16,000 blue whale units. Since the blue whales were the largest, they were the most sought after. Up until about 1950, although blues continued to be taken; their numbers declined sharply, which meant that the next largest, the fin whales, were hunted more vigorously.

In 1960, the commission appointed a committee of biologists to investigate the stocks of antarctic whales. Catches of blues and fins continued to decrease in the interval between establishment of the committee in 1960 and its report in 1963. The report detailed the overexploitation of the fisheries, and warned that blues and humpbacks were in serious danger of extinction. It recommended that blues and humpbacks be totally protected, and that the take of fins be strictly limited. It also urged abandonment of the system of blue whale units in favor of limits on individual species.

The committee then made some predictions. Their report stated that, if unrestricted whaling continued in 1963-1964, no more than 8,500 blue whale units would be taken, and that 14,000 fins would be killed. Predictably, the warnings were ignored, and the limits were set at 10,000 bwu. The whalers killed 8,429 bwu that season, and 13,870 fins were taken. The biologists' predictions proved uncannily accurate. An ominous note in these figures is that the catch of fin whales was about 35 per cent of the estimated total fin population—probably three times the estimated *sustainable* yield.

When the results for 1963-1964 were in, the biologists recommended a bwu total of 4,000 for 1964-1965, 3,000 bwu in 1965-1966, and 2,000 bwu in 1966-1967, in order to allow for recovery of the whale stocks. Again their advice was ignored. All four countries then engaged in antarctic whaling—Japan, the

This article is a preview of one of the year's most important books, *Population, Resources, Environment: Issues in Human Ecology*, by Paul R. Ehrlich and Anne H. Ehrlich, Copyright © 1970, W. H. Freeman and Company, to be published in May.

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> "No one knows how long we can continue to pollute the seas . . . without bringing on a world-wide ecological disaster."

Netherlands, Norway, and Russia—voted against accepting the recommendation, and instead agreed only to limit the 1964-1965 season's catch to 8,000 bwu, double the recommended number of units.

What happened in 1964-1965? Only 7,052 blue whale units were taken, well short of the 8,000 quota. Furthermore, only 7,308 fins were taken, and the majority of the remaining bwu consisted of almost 20,000 seis, well over a third of the total estimated population of that species. In both 1963-1964 and 1964-1965, the total antarctic catch of whales was less than that from other areas of the world — an unprecedented situation. Meanwhile, the Netherlands had given up whaling and sold its fleet to Japan.

In an emergency session in May of 1965, the IWC decided to limit the 1965-1966 catch to 4,500 bwu, which again exceeded the biologists' recommendation. The IWC also tried unsuccessfully to give the now heavily fished sperm whales some protection. The whaling industry did not catch the 4,500-bwu limit in 1965-1966; the total was only 4,089 units, and sei whales made up the majority. Meanwhile, whaling stations in Peru and Chile (not members of the IWC) killed 449 more blue whales, which were already dangerously near extinction.

In 1967, a grand total of 52,046 whales were slaughtered, 25,911 of them sperm whales. In addition, Japan, desperate for protein, killed 20,000 porpoises. The following year Norway was forced out of the whaling industry, leaving the field to Japan and Russia.

Setting aside any consideration of the esthetics of such unrestricted slaughtering of these magnificent and intelligent animals, what can be said about the whaling industry's performance? For one thing, of course, its drive toward self-destruction tends to contradict the commonly held notion that people would change their behavior if they realized that it was against their own self-interest. The whaling industry has operated against its own long-term self-interest continually since 1963, in full knowledge of what it was doing. Short-term self-interest, the lure of the "quick buck," clearly is too strong to allow the long-range best interest of everyone to prevail. This is just one example of a cost-benefit analysis done over too short a term.

Cetologist Roger Payne of Rockefeller University has pointed out the ultimate absurdity of the whaling industry's behavior. It is now in such difficulties that the Soviet Union has moved into the business of harvesting krill, the abundant antarctic shrimp that is the primary source of food for baleen whales. All of the species mentioned earlier, except the sperm whale, belong to a group called baleen whales—those that sieve their food out of vast amounts of sea water by means of a hairlike mesh of whalebone in their mouths (they do not have functional teeth). The best krill-catch rates achieved thus far by large ships in the densest clouds of krill have been about twelve tons per day. Even if this rate could be maintained for twenty-four hours a day, and if oil and protein could be extracted at 80 per cent efficiency (an extremely high percentage), the catch would still be less than the krill equivalent of the whale catch (krill is 6 per cent oil and 20 per cent protein). As Dr. Payne has said, killing whales and harvesting krill "is like wiping out beef cattle in order to have the pleasure of eating grass-protein-concentrate." What the whalers do not seem to recognize is that the most efficient way to utilize the krill is not by harvesting it, but by leaving it unexploited so that the catch of whales could be sustained.

Other examples of overexploited stocks are East Asian and California sardines; Northwest Pacific salmon; cod in many areas; menhaden; tunas in the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian oceans; flatfish in the Bering Sea; plaice in the North Sea; hake in the North Atlantic; and bottom fish in the West Pacific and East Atlantic oceans. Some fish stocks, such as Pacific hake, South Atlantic herring, Yellow Sea bottom fish, anchovy off California, and clupeids in the Atlantic and Indian oceans, are at present underexploited. It seems unlikely they will remain so for long, at least wherever their numbers are not too dispersed for efficient fishing.

Unfortunately, as biologist Garrett Hardin of the University of California at Santa Barbara has pointed out, the sea is a "commons," analogous to a communal pasture open to all. From the point of view of an individual herder exploiting such a pasture commons, there seems to be every reason to keep adding to his herd. Although the grass is limited, he will get a larger share if he has a larger herd. If his animals do not eat the grass, someone else's will. Such reasoning is, of course, followed by each user of the commons. Individuals struggle to increase their herds until, at some point, the carrying capacity of the pasture is exceeded, and it is destroyed by overgrazing. Similarly, in the sea each individual, company, or country exploiting a fish stock (equivalent to the grass of the pasture) strives to get a maximum share of the catch, because each increment represents further immediate profit. Unless some strict agreement is reached about the degree of utilization of the fishery commons, maximum utilization seems the best short-range strategy from the point of view of each user. After all, the Japanese reason, if we don't get the fish, the Russians will. The Russians take a similar view, as do the Peruvians and all the others. Unhappily, the end result of these individual optimum strategies for dealing with the commons is disaster for all.

The race to loot the sea of its protein is now in full swing. Fish catches more than doubled between 1953 and 1967. Peru, Japan, and Russia took the lion's share in 1966, jointly landing almost 40 per cent of the catch (the catch of mainland China, not included in U.N. statistics since 1961, is not included here; it may amount to some six to eight metric tons). The United States and Norway, which came next, landed not quite 10 per cent between them. The pressures of competition are beginning to show. Russian fishing ships make headlines by penetrating waters off both coasts of the United States. Between 1961 and 1969, the Peruvian government seized twenty-four United States fishing boats, and other Latin American countries have taken fifty additional U.S. fishing boats in disputes over the limits of territorial waters. The activities of far-ranging Japanese fishing fleets have aroused the antagonism of the Mexicans. The list of conflicts grows, and it will undoubtedly

—*Wide World.*

Paul R. Ehrlich is a professor of biology at Stanford University. He is a specialist in population biology and an outspoken expert on the subject of population control. In addition to teaching, Dr. Ehrlich lectures widely on college campuses and before civic groups. A member of several professional societies, he is the author of the best-selling book "The Population Bomb."

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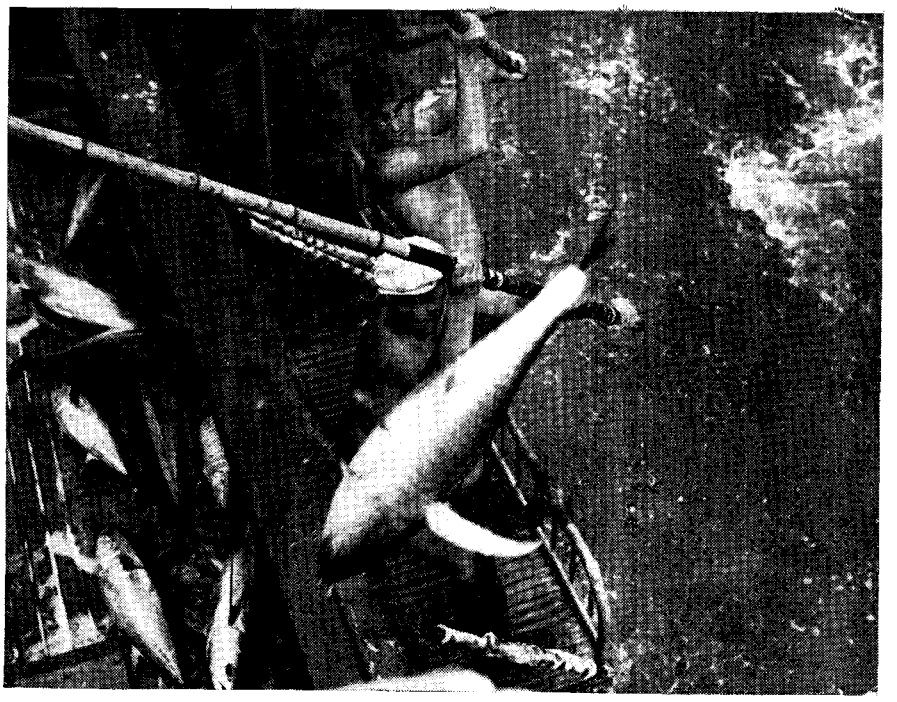
continue to do so unless competition is regulated.

Yet, as only a small percentage of the world's calories comes from the sea, one might easily draw the conclusion that the impending reduction of per capita yield is not particularly important. Unhappily, it will be extremely serious. Although food from the sea provides comparatively few calories, it supplies almost one-fifth of the world's animal protein, and two-fifths of it exclusive of milk and eggs. For some countries the loss of this protein would be catastrophic. Japan's fisheries, for instance, supply it with more than one-and-a-half times as much protein as is provided by its agriculture.

What about "farming" the sea? Unfortunately, the impression that sea-farming is here today, or just around the corner, is illusory. For the most part we still hunt the sea today, or in a relatively few cases herd it (for example, oysters). It is certainly true that we can increase our yields from sea-herding. In 1965, some 66,000 metric tons of yellowtail were produced in the Sea of Japan, more than 80 per cent from fishes raised in net cages; yields since then show an upward trend. The potential of both fresh- and salt-water herding (fish culture or aquaculture) is considerable, although it must be emphasized that the potential is small compared to the scale of the world food problem, and increasing pollution now threatens hopes of even realizing this potential.

Farming the sea presents an array of formidable problems, especially of fertilizing and harvesting. About the only planting and harvesting of marine plant crops done today is some seaweed culture off Japan, and this is really best viewed as an extension of land agriculture into shallow water. Perhaps, if the sea is finally emptied of its fishes and shellfishes, some kind of phytoplankton farming could be attempted—if the sea is not by then too badly poisoned by pollution. The crop would be extremely costly at best, and it would not be very tasty, but in desperation we might give it a try. For the immediate future, however, sea-farming offers no hope at all.

Most of the plans for increasing the yield of fishes from the sea disregard the effects of pollution; they are based on the premise that the fish stocks will be harvested rationally. The history of fisheries so far holds little promise that rationality will prevail. One can, for instance, expect continuation of attempts to harvest simultaneously young and old of the same species, and both the big fishes and the little fishes that big fishes must eat to live. And one can expect pollution to help reduce the size of many or all fish populations.



—*Black Star.*

Commercial tuna fishing—"the race to loot the sea."

Thus, far from being a food panacea, the sea may not even be able to continue to support the limited yield we now extract from it. There is a real possibility that the total yield will decline rather than grow, and we will be extremely fortunate if by 1980 the yield per capita is as high as today's. Judging from the fishing industry's behavior toward the sea, one might conclude that if it were to go into the chicken-farming business it would plan to eat up all the feed, all the eggs, all the chicks, and all the chickens simultaneously, while burning down the henhouses to keep itself warm.

Meanwhile, the pollution of the seas continues. Nowhere is man's ecological naïveté more evident than in his assumptions about the capacity of the atmosphere, soils, rivers, and oceans to absorb pollutants. These assumptions all too often take the following form: If one gallon of poison is added to one billion billion gallons of water, then the highest concentration of poison to which anything will be exposed is about one part per billion billion. This line of reasoning might be accurate if complete mixing by diffusion took place rapidly, which it often does not, and if only physical systems were involved.

But because biological systems are involved, the situation is radically different. For example, filter-feeding animals may concentrate poisons to levels far higher than those found in the surrounding medium. Oysters constantly filter the water they inhabit, and they live in shallow water near the shore, where pollution is heaviest. Consequently, their bodies often contain much higher concentrations of radioactive substances or lethal chemicals than the water in which they live. For example, they have been found to accumulate up to 70,000 ppm of chlorinated hydrocarbon insecticides, many thousands of times the concentration found in their environment.

Food chains lead to the concentration of toxic substances; as biologist Barry Commoner of Washington University once put it, they act as a kind of "biological amplifier." The Long Island estuary food web is a good example of how the concentration of residues of DDT and its derivatives tends to increase in food chains from one trophic level to another. This tendency is especially marked for the chlorinated hydrocarbons because of

(*Continued on page* 64)

> "Nowhere is man's ecological naiveté more evident than in his assumptions about the capacity of the atmosphere, soils, rivers, and oceans to absorb pollutants."

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CHARTING THE COMPLEXITIES

Environmental safety requires dependable and developing knowledge, an informed and concerned citizenry, and a minimum of bureaucratic conditioned reflexes.

by McGEORGE BUNDY

While it is indisputable that we must act now to save our environment from pollution and to limit the psychological stress and physical degradation inherent in population density, we also have an overwhelming need to learn more clearly how the myriad acts of man affect the stability of all of nature's systems.

As a National Academy of Sciences study group pointed out in a recent appraisal of "the crisis," we cannot effectively manage the environment without knowing what it is, what it was, and what it can be. On a national scale, we do not at present measure environmental quality comprehensively or regularly. We do not know how and to what extent it is changing and has already changed. Much of the information now gathered under the aegis of such environmentally oriented agencies as the Environmental Science Services Administration, the Geological Survey, the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries, the National Air Pollution Control Administration, and the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration is obtained for special purposes. Not surprisingly, no agency is either assigned to or assumes responsibility for conducting an overall, ecological evaluation of the quality of the environment, nor is any common interchangeable or comparative sampling method now being used, although the quality of the air, for example, quite clearly affects the quality of water.

If the first requirement is to provide a systematic, comprehensive system of ecological observation and data collection, there is also pressing need for broad-gauged analysis of information to identify simple correlations between independently observed and measured phenomena, and for the testing of intellectually ambitious models of ecological reality to improve our powers of prediction, to spur our defensive and preventive view of our environment and its interrelating subsystems, and to address issues of strategic management and preservation. Information technology fortunately makes it possible for the first time to do these things.

Indeed, some scholars (often with Ford Foundation support) are now approaching environmental analysis from two sides: the economic and the ecological. Each approach strives to understand the complex interrelationships of the parts of man-made or natural systems, and the causes of equilibrium or instability. Each approach explores and seeks to identify relationships of dependency between independently observed phenomena.

When considering a stream, for example, analysts attempt to define the relationship between the discharge of specific amounts of organic materials at specific locations and the stream's need of oxygen at the same locations. Out of a series of such equations comes a mathematical model that, at its best, may represent a primitive skeleton of a complex system. Its formalized, quantitative relationships lend themselves to mathematical manipulation as verbal descriptions of reality cannot. With the goal, for example, of achieving a given standard of water purity in the stream, a good model should enable us to discern the range in cost of several alternative "clean-up" strategies, each of which combines elements of industrial plant relocation and modified production methods.

Ecologists and economists have already demonstrated that model-building and analysis can yield more penetrating insights than might come exclusively from the logic of lay observation or common sense, and those approaches can also have practical application.

Economists at Resources for the Future (RFF) recently challenged a U.S. Army Corps of Engineers plan to build a number of dams on the upper Potomac and its tributaries. The Corps proposed, in part, to construct these dams to hold water that could subsequently be released in dry seasons to dilute wastes in the lower river and thereby sustain throughout the year a steady standard of water quality. The RFF constructed a mathematical model of the hydrology of the river basin and explored the costs of a number of alternative methods of assuring the given water standards, as well as higher and lower ones. They found that all alternatives (combining various treatment methods) were substantially cheaper than the proposed dams, and some would cost only one-tenth as much.

Such a model offers promising evidence that the analysis of complexity can enhance the rationality of decision-making. Even if one knows that a reservoir is a more expensive way of keeping the Potomac clean than advanced waste treatment would be, one may still prefer to keep the river clean in this more expensive fashion. Models make deliberation possible and, indeed, in some sense enforce it, which is not the least of their social value.

The Ford Foundation's experience with its five-year-old program in resources and environment suggests to us the high priority that should be attached to the study and appraisal of environment on the broadest scale. We have recently intensified discussions with scholars and public officials on this matter. While we have no formal recommendations as to ways and means at this date, we are encouraged to believe that there is a vital, complementary role that philanthropic institutions can play in conjunction with Congress, the Executive branch of the federal government, other educational and research institutions, and, indeed, the family of nations acting in concert

–Wide World.

McGeorge Bundy is president of the Ford Foundation. He served Presidents Kennedy and Johnson as special assistant for national security affairs. Before that he was dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences at Harvard University. He was the co-author, with Henry L. Stimson, President Roosevelt's Secretary of War, of "On Active Service in Peace and War" and author of "The Strength of Government." This article is based on remarks by Mr. Bundy addressed to the 1970 meeting of the advisory panel of the Committee on Science and Astronautics, U.S. House of Representatives.

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to facilitate the broadened intellectual attack these problems require.

The environmental dangers we face, the systems to be understood, and the remedies to be fashioned will frequently be international in character, an aspect properly recognized by the recent, relatively under-reported decision of Secretary of State William Rogers to create in the Secretary's office an Office of Environmental Affairs, headed by Christian Herter, Jr. I personally am convinced that energy for both rigorous study and prompt action must derive from national governments, and must not be remanded to or anticipated from supranational agencies or voluntary assemblies of motivated individuals who share the same concerns or intellectual training across political boundaries. At the same time, I also see important possibilities for international cooperation and collaboration in these urgent environmental tasks.

There is not only the manifest fact of our national interdependencies relative to the environment, there is also no obvious ideological basis for disagreement over causes or relative responsibility. Nor is there political gain to be realized from a posture of isolation. Indeed, there is reason to believe that even potential adversaries will welcome and be responsive to an initiative for communication and intellectual consultation on these complex scientific and technical questions. And there is certainly reason to hope that a fruitful intellectual consideration of our common stake in preserving the environment would facilitate discussion of even harder issues of common concern.

In addition to the political possibility for cooperation, there is the undeniable fact that we confront problems of awesome complexity. The intellectual talent that must be encouraged to address these problems is not only exceedingly scarce but also geographically and politically dispersed. Every experience that I have had in exploring issues of common concern with the intellectual and scientific leaders of other societies and states has confirmed what I have always felt to be true—that the best ideas or perceptions are likely to emerge from circles of intellectual competence deliberately made as inclusive as possible.

Thus, as we launch this decade of attention to the environment, there is much to be said for activation and steady cultivation, wherever possible, of a workable process of international intellectual consultation and collaboration with nationals of countries that may be potential adversaries as well as traditional friends. This process will not happen automatically. It needs to be made someone's business, necessarily requires a new order of collaboration among the State Department, the science agencies, and the nongovernmental National Academy of Sciences, and ought to have Congressional encouragement as well as Executive direction. One can conceive of three different levels of fruitful international exchange.

First, we should make every effort to insure that national systems for monitoring, collecting, and storing environmental data are compatible. I believe that early, serious effort across political boundaries to achieve intellectual consensus concerning the key phenomena to be observed and the quality indices to be established will obviate dangers of poor or nonexistent linkages between mechanical national arrangements for collection, storage, retrieval, and exchange.

Second, assuming that each nation will independently pursue research and experimentation in remedial actions, information on work in progress as well as on results and understandings, however tentative, must flow freely across political boundaries. There simply is too little time, brain power, and public money for nations to operate either in a chauvinistic or unconsciously introverted fashion; or for countries to run up blind alleys trodden earlier by others or remain ignorant of promising approaches under scrutiny elsewhere. The responsibility for ensuring the necessary exchange of information in these matters rests with each nation and its interested intellectual community. The priority for public policy here is the provision of resources for an expanded flow of personnel and information materials from points of national origin, rather than the creation of new, allegedly coordinative international agencies.

Third, when the necessary intellectual mobilization begins to yield operational applications, there will surely be an opportunity for shared international effort. The developed countries will have their traditional obligations vis-à-vis the emerging countries, and new patterns of international law and management seem likely to be required with respect to our priceless, collective, oceanic, inner- and outer-space assets.

The prospects for a successful defense of our natural environment, within our own political sphere as well as in cooperation with others, cannot be ensured simply by a commitment to a deeper and broader intellectual inquiry, as fundamental as I believe that to be. It will also depend upon at least two other important factors: the health of our system of higher education, and the health of our political process. I share the anxiety that many feel today over the adequacy and well-being of each of these vital systems.

No modern society is going to succeed if it fails to connect its muscular actions to a discriminating intellect. The demand for guidance and understanding by that intellect has never been greater, not only with respect to the environment but also to the voracious demands of modern society for more powerful intellectual insight concerning the learning process, the aging process, the reproductive process, urbanization, and all the forces compelling human adaptation and institutional change in the technological era.

The national debate—in part, clearly, a political debate requiring initiation by responsible government leaders—

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Earth Watch

World-Wide Environment Notes

Two More Pesticides Banned

WASHINGTON.
THE Department of Agriculture has banned use in wet areas of two more long-lived pesticides—aldrin and dieldrin — which contain alkyl-mercury. They are potent insect killers, effective on farm crops. The ban is to become operative early this month or thirty days after receipt of notices by the manufacturers.

Chevron Scorecard

RICHMOND, CALIF.
THUMBS UP: Last January, the Chevron Gasoline Company, a subsidiary of Standard Oil of California, began marketing on the West Coast a new polybutane amine gasoline additive—F310 —which, according to scientists, improves the ability of engines to burn gasoline efficiently, thereby cutting down pollution from automobile exhausts. Chevron claims that F310 has both cleaning and preventive effects—and that once it gets a carburetor clean it keeps it clean. Laboratory tests showed that F310 cut the hydrocarbon emissions of very dirty engines by an average of more than 50 per cent and their carbon monoxide emissions by more than 35 per cent.

NEW ORLEANS.
THUMBS DOWN: In March the platforms of three wild wells in the Gulf of Mexico belonging to the Chevron Gasoline Company blew out and the wells began spewing an estimated 600 to 1,000 barrels of crude oil a day into the gulf. A twenty-six-mile-long oil slick developed, threatening the main seabeds of the Louisiana oyster industry. Shrimp grounds and bird havens along the coast of Louisiana and Mississippi were also endangered. Secretary of the Interior Walter J. Hickel labeled the Chevron oil spill a "disaster" and announced at a news conference that the company had committed 147 violations of federal regulations. Chevron officials acknowledged that one of the wells was not equipped with a safety device used to shut off a deep well in case of trouble.

Fate of Baikal

MOSCOW.
THE RUSSIANS have produced a three-hour feature film called *At the Lake*, whose theme is man and his environment. Written and directed by a leading young talent, Sergei A. Gerasimov, the film is based on the fate of Baikal, the world's largest and deepest fresh-water lake. For twelve years conservationists and industrialists debated the lake's fate. The conservationists lost their fight to ban wood pulp factories from its shores, but recent evidence that the water was being polluted led the Soviet government to take stringent if belated steps to restore it.

Baikal is 400 miles long and 6,000 feet deep. It is surrounded by rich forests, and its fish and other wild life are varied and often unique. There is no indication in the film that the lake's condition will improve, and in real life the state of the lake remains unknown.

Smog on Network TV

HOLLYWOOD.
SMOG PLAYS a featured role in an 80-minute, million dollar film, A *Clear and Present Danger*, starring Hal Holbrook and shown on network television in prime viewing time. The factory chimney belching smoke, once a favorite movie symbol for American industrial might, is cast here as an environmental polluter.

The film's story concerns a politician who decides to defy the vested interests and run on a "clean-air" platform after a smog disaster threatens the health of a community.

Influencing Environmental Laws

LOS ANGELES.
A GROUP of legislative experts in California has devised "ten commandments" for citizens who want to influence local environmental legislation. The suggested rules are:

- Provide legislators with the necessary information for new laws.
- Dramatize the connection between your cause and the legislators' campaigns for re-election.
- Don't insult their intelligence.
- Speak for an organization.
- Pool your campaign funds with other organizations favoring the same candidate.
- Maintain a "high profile" on environmental issues.
- Frame proposals calling for affirmative action.
- Present your arguments even before formal hearings are held.
- Publicize the legislators' actions as a bill proceeds.
- Be militant.

Nutrition and IQ

MEXICO CITY.
A THREE-YEAR study conducted in a small Mexican village has provided another link in the chain of evidence connecting the development of intelligence with nutrition in the early years of life.

The IQs of thirty-seven children who had been hospitalized for kwashiorkor, a severe disease of malnutrition, were compared with those of siblings who had not suffered from the disease. The children who had undergone malnutrition scored significantly lower on the tests than their siblings.

That finding matches many studies conducted on animals deprived of food either prenatally or in the early stages of life, which show the deprived animals to be smaller in stature than those given proper nutrition, and established that they have smaller brains and greater learning problems.

One doctor who conducted the tests on the Mexican children said: "These insults of environment are lasting. They affect the child throughout life."

Cross-Border Pollution

OSLO.
"WE LOOK on continental pollution as a greater problem than local pollution," the director of the Norwegian Institute for Air Research recently said. He was referring to the fact that rising acidity in rain and snow, attributed to wastes from Britain and possibly West Germany, had become a threat to Norwegian fresh-water fish and forests.

The problem of cross-border pollution was dramatized a year ago this winter when "black snow" caused by combustion pollutants in the Ruhr Valley fell on eastern Norway and western Sweden. Greater international cooperation will be required, the Institute director warned, to cope with the problem.

Degree in Ecology Asked for Europe

STRASBOURG, FRANCE.
THE FRENCH government has proposed that an internationally recognized university degree in ecology be established. The idea, which would be limited to European universities, reflects mounting concern in Europe about the spread of pollution and also the desire to unify environmental standards and measurements. Bachelor's degrees, master's degrees, and doctorates in ecology are awarded in the United States.

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The Vindication of Rachel Carson

SINCE SILENT SPRING

by Frank Graham, Jr.

Houghton Mifflin Company, 333 pp., $6.95

EIGHT YEARS have gone by since Rachel Carson's landmark book *Silent Spring* was published. We have passed through the initial reaction, something close to hysterical self-defense by the pesticide industry, and a gradual public awakening. We have taken slow, reluctant steps to meet the dangers Miss Carson pointed out, steps and dangers now highlighted by the current surge of environmental concern. And we still have to fight not only the pesticide industry but far too many stubborn or stupid bureaucrats and public officials to get more than lip service toward limitation on the use of lethal pesticides long since convicted of poisoning the whole world. It seems at times as though we are reluctant to save ourselves from the effects of some of the most toxic substances ever put into general use.

Frank Graham's story is an account of the writing of *Silent Spring*, its reception, the immediate consequences, and what has happened in the pesticide world since its publication. This is an essential book; it sets and keeps the record straight. It is thoroughly documented; it hits with almost the same power as Miss Carson's book, and it brings the sorry record up to date. Graham shows how incredibly stubborn and how deeply entrenched the pesticide industry is and how doggedly many of its members keep repeating falsehoods and spurious claims.

The book is divided into five sections. The first deals with the writing, publication, and initial controversy over Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*. The next section takes up the verified effects of pesticide use that Miss Carson reported or predicted. The third section details the false and misleading "studies" that have been published in attempting to discredit both Miss Carson and her book.

Section four examines "The Uncertain Defenders"—the government agencies charged with protecting the public health and welfare—and shows how slow and reluctant many of them were in the past, and often still are, to act on lethal pesticides. The final section deals with the immediate future, pointing out that, although the tide has turned against DDT, many related persistent pesticides continue to flow all around the world from the factories of the major chemical companies. Alternative controls, chiefly biological, are discussed as eventual replacements for the deadly chemicals.

The book concludes with appendices compiled by Shirley A. Briggs, listing those pesticides and herbicides that do not have long-lasting effects; a study of federal registration requirements for pesticides, written by Harold G. Alford; and a note about the Rachel Carson Trust for the Living Environment and the Rachel Carson Memorial Fund.

Since Silent Spring is both an inspiring story about a gallant, dedicated woman, a scientist who refused to minimize the dangers she saw threatening the world she loved, and a dark, grim story of an industry that warped the truth, dealt in vicious innuendo, entrapped scholars and public officials, and continued to peddle proven poisons under the false cloak of public service. It takes no great feat of memory to recall the vicious personal attacks the pesticide industry made on Rachel Carson, or the sneers with which the industry greeted the pesticide report of President Kennedy's Science Advisory Committee. Even a casual reading of current newspapers and periodicals shows that industry spokesmen are still proclaiming a critical need for DDT and its even more lethal cousins. And it practically took a legislative earthquake to get the U.S. Department of Agriculture to stop using and recommending all these highly poisonous, persistent pesticides.

An example of one of a score or more of deliberately false assumptions that pesticide manufacturers and their hired friends perpetuate is the notion that today's agricultural bounty results from the use of the disputed insecticides. Figures on record show that the big surge in farm production occurred before the first of these pesticides came out of the laboratory. The big gains came back in the 1930s, in fact, and were due to intensified culture, new fertilizers, and, more important, better seed. Gains made since the advent of the chlorinated hydrocarbons are relatively small. Yet the industry's spokesmen keep hoisting the specter of starvation if their chemicals are not used.

Since Silent Spring is important to the environmental cause and to everyone in it. Like Miss Carson's book, it too may be labeled hysterical by the pesticide people, but, considering their record over the past twenty years, such a reaction would be high praise. For this book also hits hard, and hits at the industry's vulnerable underbelly, namely, its sorry performance since *Silent Spring* first alerted the public to the dangers of pesticides.

Hal Borland

—*Erich Hartmann.*

Rachel Carson — gallant, dedicated scientist.

HAL BORLAND is known for his distinguished nature writing. An autobiography, *Country Editor's Boy*, dealing with his youth in Colorado, is coming out in May.

Coming May 9th

***SR*'s Spring Children's Book Roundup**

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16mm Environmental Film Sampler

General

For All to Enjoy—20 min, color. $10. Conservation Foundation, 1250 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Satirical approach to uncontrolled development in National Parks.

Man and His Resources—28 min, B/W. $8. McGraw-Hill Contemporary Film Rental Offices, 330 W. 42 St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

A Matter of Time—27 min, color. $10. Conservation Foundation, 1250 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Historical approach to environmental deterioration.

Progress, Pork-Barrel and Pheasant Feathers—27 min, B/W. $12.50. McGraw-Hill Contemporary Film Rental Offices, 330 W. 42 St., New York, N.Y. 10036. Fight over cross-Florida canal.

What Are We Doing to Our World?—two parts, each 30 min. Each $11. Field Service, Indiana University, A-V Center, Bloomington, Ind. 47401.

Tom Lehrer Sings "Pollution"—3 min, color. Free. Public Health Service, Audio Visual Facility, Atlanta, Ga. 30333. (PHS also has many other pollution films, all in heavy demand.)

Population

Multiply and Subdue the Earth—60 min, B/W. $13.50. Color—$18. Field Service, Indiana University, A-V Center, Bloomington, Ind. 47401. World population crisis.

Our Crowded Environment—11 min, color. $6.50. Encyclopaedia Britannica Educational Corporation, 425 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.

People by the Billions—28 min, B/W. $8. McGraw-Hill Contemporary Film Rental Office, 330 W. 42 St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

Population Ecology—28 min, B/W. McGraw-Hill Contemporary Film Rental Office, 330 W. 42 St., New York, N.Y. 10036, or Encyclopaedia Britannica Educational Corporation, 425 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Ecological consequences if population is not brought under control.

Population Explosion—15 min, B/W. $8. McGraw-Hill Contemporary Film Rental Offices, 330 W. 42 St., New York, N.Y. 10036, or Carousel Films, Inc., 1501 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036.

The Squeeze—10 min, B/W. $12. Hank Newenhouse, 1825 Willow Rd., Northfield, Ill. 60093. Throngs of people, jammed highways, rushing commuters, starving children graphically portray population problem.

Challenge to Mankind—28 min, B/W. $8. McGraw-Hill Contemporary Film Rental Office, 330 W. 42 St., New York, N.Y. 10036. Five world experts speak of threat of overpopulation.

Air Pollution

Air Pollution: Take a Deep Deadly Breath—54 min, color. $35. McGraw-Hill, ABC Documentary, Film Rental Offices, 330 W. 42 St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

First Mile Up—28 min, B/W. $8. McGraw-Hill Contemporary Film Rental Offices, 330 W. 42 St., New York, N.Y. 10036. Problems of air pollution and its effect on human health.

The Poisoned Air—60 min, B/W. Carousel. CBS Documentary.

Air Pollution—15 min, color. $8. Encyclopaedia Britannica Educational Corporation, 425 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.

Water Pollution

Beargrass Creek—19 min, color. $15. Stuart Finley Productions, 3428 Mansfield Rd., Falls Church, Va. 22041. The poignant tragedy of a small tributary stream, its promising start, and its sad end due to pollution.

Clean Waters—20 min, color. $9. Order #3972. Extension Media Center, University of California, Berkeley, Calif. 94720. Illustrates dangers of water pollution and shows proper sewage treatment.

Crisis on Kanawha—20 min, color. $15. Stuart Finley Productions, 3428 Mansfield Rd., Falls Church, Va. 22041. Shows sources of industrial water pollution and some methods of eliminating it.

The Problem with Water Is People—30 min, B/W or color. $16. McGraw-Hill Contemporary, 330 W. 42 St., New York, N.Y., 10036. Traces route of Colorado River from beginning to ocean and discusses its pollution and misuse.

Water Pollution—15 min, color. $8. Encyclopaedia Britannica Educational Corporation, 425 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Health problems posed by water pollution and steps being taken to correct them.

City

Green City—23 min, color. $15. Stuart Finley Productions, 3428 Mansfield Rd., Falls Church, Va. 22041. Civic action to preserve green space and open space as cities grow.

Megapolis: Cradle of the Future—22 min, B/W. $9. Encyclopaedia Britannica Educational Corporation, 425 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Dynamics of urbanization and emphasis on the need for careful planning.

Our Changing Environment—17 min, color. $8. Encyclopaedia Britannica Educational Corporation, 425 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Man's increasing power to control his environment has created new pressures and problems for the modern city.

Pandora's Easy Open Pop-Top Box—15 min, color. Free. Environmental Control Admin., 12720 Twinbrook Parkway, Rockville, Md. 20852. Attn: Tom Edgar. Dramatic presentation of effects of uncontrolled urbanization.

Urban Sprawl—21 min, color. $15. Stuart Finley Productions, 3428 Mansfield Rd., Falls Church, Va. 22041.

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Letters to the Environment Editor

Politics of Ecology

HARVEY WHEELER'S statement in "The Politics of Ecology" [*SR*, Mar. 7] that "we don't know" how "freeway tariff schedules could alter traffic patterns, etc." presumes an unnecessarily high degree of ignorance. We don't really "know," for example, that apartment floors are loaded with 60 pounds per square foot of area, but we know that structural design on this assumption produces structurally safe buildings. Calculations based on known engineering data would enable us to design analogously controlled atmospheres, despite the greater number of variables and uncertainties.

We know for certain that reduction of traffic volume on crowded freeways produces disproportionately high reductions in automobile smog. The traffic jam is mankind's most diabolically stupid method of multiplying atmospheric poisons. A car inching along in bumper-to-bumper traffic emits from three to six times as much poison as a steadily cruising car. Moreover, traffic jams crowd more cars into a given area, multiplying local pollutant emissions up to twenty times.

In New York, by charging a premium $1 toll at the George Washington Bridge at rush hours, we could achieve a traffic volume reduction of at least one-third. Such a reduction would nearly double average speeds, from 10 to 18 mph. Smog would be reduced by two-thirds or more.

It doesn't matter whether my projections are 25 per cent or even 50 per cent in error. We know, in any event, that we would benefit with faster traffic flow, both in man-hours saved and in reduced air pollution. To demand ridiculously precise projections of every consequence of pollution control policies could delay action forever.

C. W. GRIFFIN, JR.,
Denville, N.J.

I WAS DELIGHTED to see the new supplement "Environment and the Quality of Life." It will serve a useful purpose both in publishing results of research, and in making people aware of environmental problems and possible solutions.

I do, however, take issue with Harvey Wheeler's conclusions in the otherwise excellent discussion of "The Politics of Ecology." His idea of multimedia programing systems in the home reminds me too much of *Fahrenheit 451*. Interaction between people will be as necessary and desirable in the future as now. We don't want to stay in our homes to be entertained and educated. Further, many of us look toward a less technological rather than a more technological future for the solution to many of the current social problems.

MRS. MORRIS I. KARPEN,
Huntington, N.Y.

MUCH HAS BEEN written about the plan for hauling big city refuse to dumping grounds in the Western deserts, but the hauling charge has always been presented as a stumbling block. If the government can subsidize the pollution-making super jets, why can't it subsidize a fleet of boxcars, so designed that they won't spill garbage along the route and create more messiness? Then, instead of spreading a few feet of guck over thousands of miles, why not build a mountain range to a height of 10,000 or so feet, and start planting trees on the high portions and grass on the lower—naturally with a few feet of good top soil on top of the tamped-down garbage?

Until the trees get big enough to give off enough oxygen to attract moisture from passing clouds, they might have to be watered from planes, just as crops are dusted now—one way to use up the junked jets that have been replaced by the jumbos.

Does this sound a bit Rube Goldbergish? No more so, in my opinion, than Harvey Wheeler's solution by computer.

PAUL TIPPETT,
Washington, D.C.

SR/ Environment

I AM VERY GLAD to see that *SR* has started a new supplement on the environment.

If society is to make the kind of changes required in order to survive, it first will have to think the thoughts that are a prelude to action. That is why the role of the media is so crucial. I am glad to see *SR* responding to the challenge so well, as it always has in the past.

SENATOR CLINTON P. ANDERSON,
Washington, D.C.

I BELIEVE it doubtful that progress is going to be made, not only against pollution, but against crime, urban rot, poverty, poor education, ad infinitum, until our citizenry is willing to confront the cause of these problems: too many people.

The ostrich game we are playing must end. This crisis is immediate and cannot be wished away. Politicians are going to have to come out in favor of allocating great sums of money to discover better methods of birth control and for legalized and encouraged abortion (this more essential than ever before due to controversy over the Pill). Our government must act, through monetary incentives, to encourage small families.

BILL NORTH,
Chicago, Ill.

THE NEW monthly section "Environment and the Quality of Life" [*SR*, Mar. 7] is a welcome addition. It can be of great benefit to those of us who are in the battle for a better environment.

KENNETH KOWARD,
Executive Secretary,
Action for Clean Air Committee,
New York, N.Y.

IT IS with much anticipation that I look forward to "Environment and the Quality of Life." It gives one hope to see that a national magazine sees the pressing problem that confronts us today. Too few seem to realize that public enemy No. 1 is not someone "out there" but each other.

I am planning to send your ad with the announcement of your supplement to my state and federal representatives. And I plan to send each of the articles to them also.

MISS JOANNE A. WILHELM,
Milwaukee, Wis.

(*Continued on page* 67)

"Ain't a fit night out for man and/or beast."

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Beyond the Teach-In

Continued from page 52

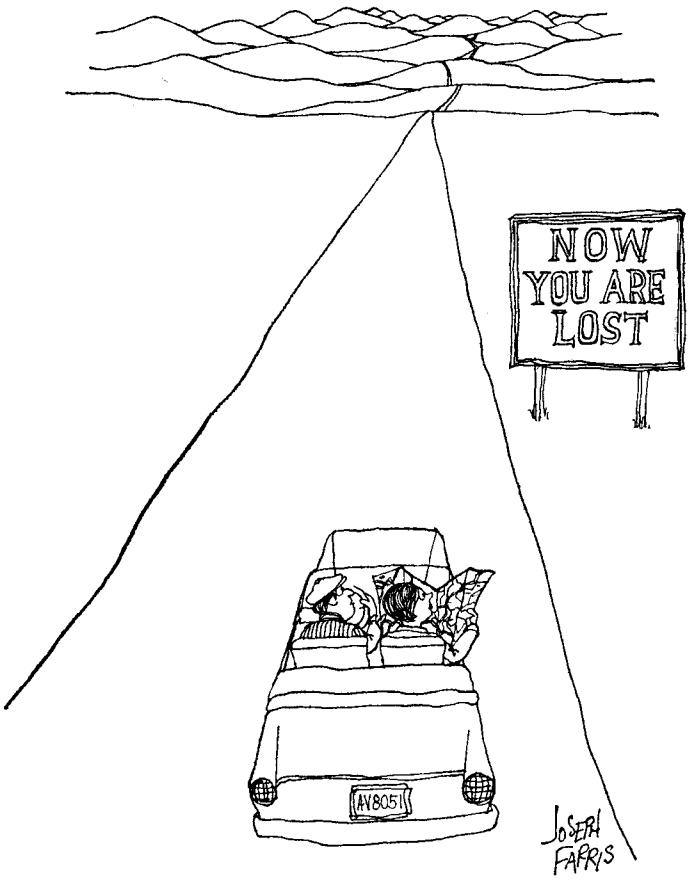
survival is 200 years old. If they have not yet mastered it, they at least have had a good deal of experience that may be enormously valuable to a society that now, as a whole, must face the threat of extinction. Blacks need the environmental movement, and the movement needs the blacks.

Confusion between certain aspects of the environmental movement and other social issues is also generated by the view that the former is closely connected to the population crisis. In one sense, this belief is valid, for clearly the world population cannot continue to grow at its present rapid rate (largely in underdeveloped countries) without eventually outrunning the capacity of the planetary ecosystem to produce sufficient food to sustain it. But some environmentalists hold that in an advanced country like the United States "the pollution problem is a consequence of population." This view leads to the idea that the environmental crisis in the U.S., which clearly calls for drastic action, can be solved only if we take strong action to stop the growth of the U.S. population.

A good deal of the confusion surrounding priorities can be cleared up by some facts. Nearly all of the stresses that have caused the environmental breakdown here—smog, detergents, insecticides, heavy use of fertilizers, radiation—began about 20 to 25 years ago. That period saw a sharp rise in the *per capita* production of pollutants. For example, between 1946 and 1966 total utilization of fertilizer increased about 700 per cent, electric power nearly 400 per cent, and pesticides more than 500 per cent. In that period the U.S. population increased by only 43 per cent. This means that the major factor responsible for increasing pollution in the U.S. since 1946 is not the increased number of people, but the intensified effects of ecologically faulty technology on the environment.

So the environmental movement—and the teach-ins that signal its emergence as a major political force—has become a meeting place for the major issues that trouble American society. This is its strength, and this is the importance of its future course.

Demands for *action* dominate the environmental movement, and wide-ranging programs of action are being organized. Some are direct, personal efforts to clear up the environment, such as community-wide campaigns to remove the junk from a stream bed. Some are politically oriented demonstrations, such as the delivery of a mass of beer cans to the lawn of a can manufacturer's home. Petition campaigns directed at remedial legislation abound, and legislators have been busy trying to reflect in law the new desire of their constituents for a clean environment. There are strong indications that on most campuses the current teach-ins will lead to environmental action's becoming a major, continuing feature of campus life.



Of course, there are those who regard the environmental movement as only the latest in a series of ephemeral fads for political action, doomed like its predecessors—civil rights, the anti-war movement, and student power—to rise to an enthusiastic peak and fade away before the hard, intransigent realities of political life. I disagree.

That danger does exist, for there are no easy solutions to the *fundamental* problems of the environmental crisis. Some of the superficial symptoms can be attacked directly: Creeks can be cleared of junk and beer cans can be collected. But no band of activists can return a river to an unpolluted state when the polluting agent is fertilizer draining from the surrounding farmland. And if farmers were abruptly required to halt their intensive use of fertilizer, often crucial to the solvency of their operation, they would simply go out of business.

Once we look beyond its immediate accessible symptoms, the environmental crisis confronts us with very hard, inescapable choices. If we really want to cure the evil of water pollution, we will have to make drastic revisions in present waste-treatment methods, for these overfertilize the algae in the water, which soon die, reimposing on rivers and lakes the very burden of organic waste that the treatment was supposed to remove. The natural ecological system that can accommodate organic waste is not in the water, but in the soil, and no lasting solution to the deterioration of both surface waters and the soil can be achieved until organic waste is returned to the soil. For the same reason, no scheme of handling garbage that fails to meet this fundamental requirement of nature can, in the long run, succeed. And since these and similar violations of the demands of the ecosystem have become embedded in our ways of productivity, any effort to change them will encounter the massive economic, social, and political forces that sustain that system. Our major technologies—power production, transport, the metal and chemical industries, and agriculture—are a threat to the ecosystems that support them and to our very lives. Because we reckon the value of a technology by the value of its marketable products, we have neglected their cost to society—which is, potentially, extinction.

President Nixon has spoken of the need for "the total mobilization of the nation's resources" in order to pay our "debt to nature." But the resources

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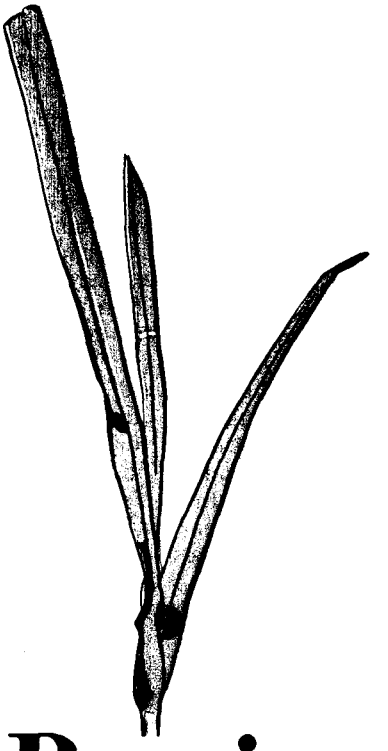
needed to roll back pollution remain immobilized by the cost of the Vietnam war and the huge military budget, by the talent- and money-gulping space program, by the disastrous cuts in the federal budget for research support, by the reduction in funds for the cities and for education. The environmental crisis, together with all of the other evils that blight the nation—racial inequality, hunger, poverty, and war—cries out for a profound revision of our national priorities. No national problem can be solved until that is accomplished.

Confronted by the depth of this multiple crisis, it is easy to respond with a spate of studies, reports, and projections for future action. But, however essential they may be, more than plans are needed. For the grinding oppression of environmental deterioration—the blighted streets and uncollected garbage, the rats and the cockroaches, the decaying beaches and foul rivers, the choking, polluted air—degrades the hope of our citizens for the future and their will to secure it. To unwind this spiral of despair, we must take immediate steps against the symptoms as well as the fundamental disorder. Community efforts to clean up rivers and beaches, to build parks, to insist on enforcement of anti-pollution ordinances and to improve them can give tangible meaning to the spirit of environmental revival.

All of our problems seem to have a common root. Something is wrong with the way this nation uses its human and natural resources. And I believe that it is always healthy to reexamine, to test, the basic mechanism we have created to run our affairs. Those who are already convinced that our social system is in need of radical revision will welcome this opportunity to discuss the prospect. Those who are convinced that the system is fundamentally sound and can be adjusted to the new stresses should welcome this opportunity to demonstrate their conviction. Here, then, is good reason to bring the social revolutionary and the industrialist onto the same platform. Both need to face the same question: How should our society be organized to resolve the crisis of survival?

It is fitting that these issues are being called to our attention by the nation's youth—in the teach-ins and in the student movement that will surely follow them. For young people, our future generations, are the real victims of the impending environmental catastrophe. They are the first generation in human history to carry strontium 90 in their bones and DDT in their fat; their bodies will record, in time, the effects on human health of the new environmental insults. It is they who



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face the frightful task of seeking humane knowledge in a world that has, with cunning perversity, transformed the power knowledge generates into an instrument of catastrophe. And during the coming months, I think, our young people will demonstrate that they are, in fact, equal to this task, as their environmental teach-ins and ecological actions begin to mobilize the knowledge of our schools and universities and the civic zeal of our communities for a real attack on the environmental predicament.

We have long known that ours is a technological society, a society in which the knowledge generated by science is a chief source of wealth and power. But what the environmental crisis tells us is that the future of our society now depends on new, profoundly fundamental judgments of how this knowledge, and the power that it endows, is to be used. If power is to be derived from the will of the people, as it should be in our democracy, then the people need to have the new knowledge—about strontium 90, DDT, herbicides, smog, and all the other elements of the environmental crisis—that must be the source of the grave new judgments and sweeping programs this nation must undertake. Here, then, is an urgent task that must follow the teach-ins. Let us take our knowledge about the environmental plight to the people; let us help them learn what they need to know to decide the future course of our society.

The obligation that our technological society forces upon all of us is to discover how humanity can survive the new power engendered by science. Every major advance in man's technological competence has enforced new obligations on human society. The present age is no exception to this rule of history. We already know the enormous benefits technology can bestow, and we have begun to perceive its frightful threats.

The environmental peril now upon us is a grim challenge. It also represents a great opportunity. From it we may yet learn that the proper use of science is not to conquer nature but to live in it. We may yet learn that to save ourselves we must save the world, which is our habitat. We may yet discover how to devote the wisdom of science and the power of technology to the welfare and survival of man.

Food from the Sea

Continued from page 55

their high solubility in fatty substances and their low water solubility. Although the clam and the mud snail are at the same trophic level, the filter-feeding clam accumulates more than half again as much DDT as the mud snail because of the difference in their food-capturing habits.

Perhaps the most frightening ecological news of 1968 was contained in a short paper entitled "DDT Reduces Photosynthesis by Marine Phytoplankton," which was published in the journal *Science*. The author, ecological chemist Charles F. Wurster, Jr., of the State University of New York, reported that DDT reduced photosynthesis in both experimental cultures and natural accumulations of marine phytoplankton (algae, diatoms, etc.), the tiny green plants that float free in the waters of the oceans. Effects were noted at DDT concentrations of only a few parts per billion (ppb), well below quantities that are commonly found in waters near land sites treated with DDT. Water at a distance from treatment sites ordinarily has DDT concentrations averaging less than 1 ppb, but biological systems clearly have the power and propensity to amplify these amounts.

The effects of DDT on phytoplankton in nature are difficult to evaluate. Phytoplanktons are the primary producers responsible for most of the food we take from the sea. If photosynthesis is significantly reduced in marine phytoplankton, the amount of life in the seas will be reduced; if marine photosynthesis ceased, all sea life would die. But significant qualitative changes in the phytoplankton community seem more probable than large quantitative changes. Phytoplankton populations are differentially susceptible to DDT; even extremely low DDT

Open Sea vs. Coastal Zones

LAYMEN WHO consider the oceans of the world a virtually limitless source of food would do well to heed the words of marine biologist J. H. Ryther: "The open sea—90 per cent of the ocean and nearly three-fourths of the earth's surface—is essentially a biological desert. It produces a negligible fraction of the world's fish catch at present and has little or no potential for yielding more in the future." The upper layer of open sea, where there is enough light for photosynthesis, lacks the nutrients necessary for high productivity. The photosynthetic producer-organisms (phytoplankton) that live in this layer are extremely small in size. As a result, very small herbivores and lower order carnivores are able to function in food chains, and roughly five steps in the chains are interposed between the producers and man. Thus, not only are the basic mineral resources for the producers in short supply, but the energy losses in repeated transfers up the long food chains result in further reductions in the potential harvest.

Close to shore, in certain offshore areas, and in a few coastal areas where powerful upwelling currents bring nutrients to the surface, productivity is two to six times higher: phytoplanktons are larger, and food chains thus tend to be shorter. It is these areas that supply man with virtually all of his fish. These are also the areas where pollution is the most serious. Indeed, in many areas one-quarter to one-half of fishing production is dependent on estuaries, directly or indirectly, and man is destroying many of the world's estuaries.

Area	*Per cent of ocean*	*Area (square kilometers)*	*Average productivity (grams of carbon per square meter per year)*	*Average number of trophic levels (approximate)*	*Annual fish production (metric tons)*
Open ocean	90	326,000,000	50	5	160,000
Coastal zone[a]	9.9	36,000,000	100	3	120,000,000
Coastal upwelling areas	0.1	360,000	300	1.5	120,000,000
		Total annual fish production			240,160,000
		Amount available for sustained harvesting[b]			100,000,000

SOURCE: After Ryther, *Science*, 1969.
[a] Including certain offshore areas where hydrographic features bring nutrients to the surface.
[b] Not all the fishes can be taken; many must be left to reproduce or the fishery will be overexploited. Other predators, such as sea birds, also compete with us for the yield.

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concentrations might result in shifts of dominance, leading to huge blooms of one or a few species. These shifts would, in turn, produce serious consequences throughout the oceanic food web. One possibility is that phytoplankton less acceptable to large herbivores would take over, so that many larger animals would be eliminated. This shortening of food chains might leave man only microscopic plants and animals as a source of food from the sea. Another possibility is that phytoplankton communities near the shore could become dominated by smaller species, lengthening food chains and dramatically reducing the size of populations of fishes at the upper trophic levels.

No one knows how long we can continue to pollute the seas with chlorinated hydrocarbon insecticides, polychlorinated biphenyls, and hundreds of thousands of other pollutants without bringing on a world-wide ecological disaster. Subtle changes may already have started a chain reaction in that direction. The true costs of our environmental destruction have never been subjected to proper accounting. The credits are localized and easily demonstrated by the beneficiaries, but the debits are widely dispersed and are borne by the entire population through the disintegration of physical and mental health, and, even more importantly, by the potentially lethal destruction of ecological systems. Despite social, economic, and political barriers to proper ecological accounting, it is urgent and imperative for human society to get the books in order.

WIT TWISTER #158

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

This fetid __ __ __ __ __ of life
is man's mistake,

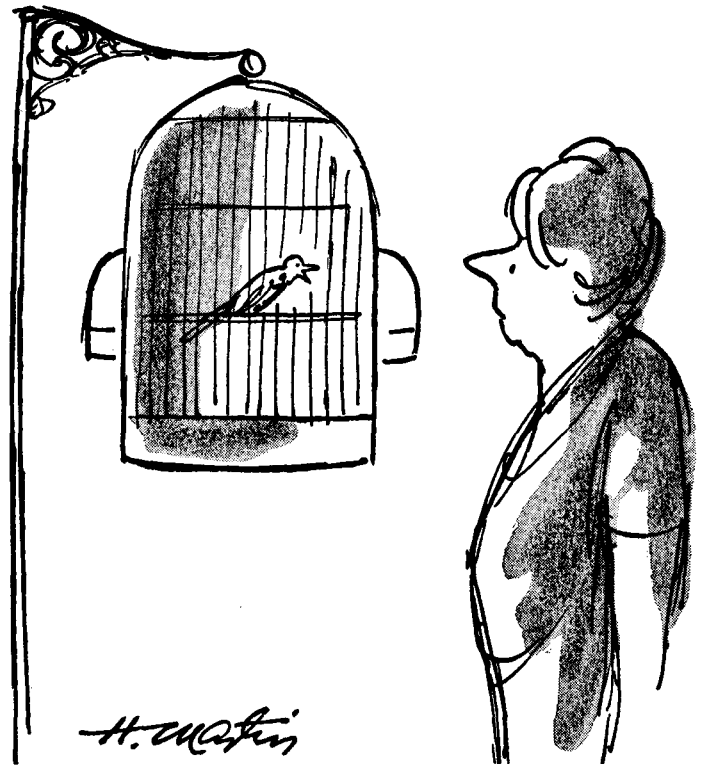
So, Nature, __ __ __ __ __ our
tawdry world anew.

From these unsightly __ __ __
__ __ of refuse make

A garden spring, all bright with
bloom and dew!

—A.S.

(*Answer on page 67*)



"It's a beautiful day, and I'd like to sing for you as I've never sung before."

Charting the Complexities

Continued from page 57

to define and affirm the goals of our system of higher education for both individuals and society, and the terms of national public support and accountability, although barely begun, is becoming increasingly urgent. In this necessary discussion, the Congress and the public have a right to expect the academic community to come forward in its turn with the professional, curricular, and organizational innovations and protections that an era of engagement with issues of individual welfare and social policy will require.

The nation's political process will also be sharply tested by any serious approach to environmental preservation and restoration. There will be no obvious, consensual, and painless technical panacea available to us. We will not be able to avoid a widened definition of the processes of industrial production that embraces the full costs of safely disposing of or recycling waste materials. There will be sharp political conflict over the assignment of these additional cost burdens. There will be a clearer understanding of the price to the current generation of environmental damage unconscionably shunned in earlier eras.

We will be enormously dependent on the ability of men of scholarship and knowledge to communicate dangers and to explain the range of promising strategies and operational urgencies in terms that are understandable to the general public and to those with political responsibility for action. We will also need a political process that is both open and coherent. On the legislative side, it must afford the opportunity for the representation of views by individuals with a human interest as well as by organized groups with a more tangible economic interest. It must consider the unvoiced but nonetheless real stake of future generations as well as that of participants in the next general election. And in execution of the generally approved programmatic course, our political process should be strong enough to avoid bureaucratic splitting of the difference of underlying disagreement, or encouraging several Executive agencies to operate independently and inconsistently, thus undoing with today's directive or action on this side of town what was painfully resolved in someone else's office yesterday.

In the end, effective translation of the desire of man to preserve his environment will depend on the skill of the public man. Societies can become paralyzed over a plethora of facts and the absence of obvious conclusions. Or they may freeze when the indisputable facts and necessities offend received values and conventional wisdom. Neither form of paralysis is likely when the linkages between the arena where policy is forged and the relevant circle of informed and disinterested citizens and scholars are firm and easy.

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London Letter

Continued from page 14

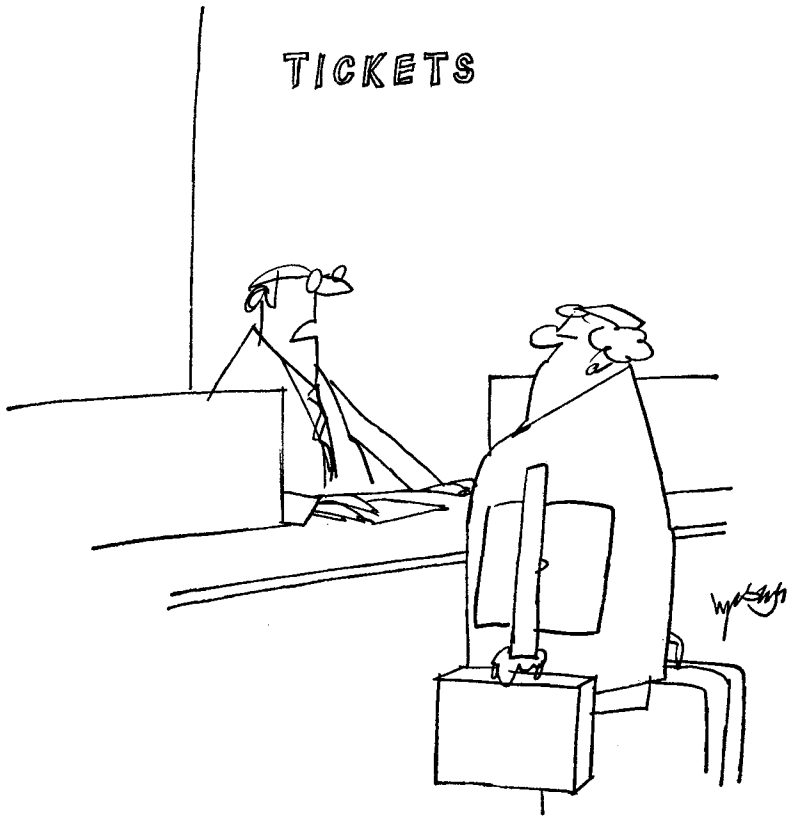
nored. Members of the royal family will be present, as will all the Londoners and transient Americans who can find standing room, to hear Emlyn Williams and Sybil Thorndike and other eminent personalities read favorite passages from Dickens. On June 10, there is to be a commemoration ceremony in Southwark Cathedral. The great Centennial Ball will take place on July 4. There are celebrations to be held in Chigwell and Liverpool, and in cities, towns, and villages between.

A garden party is scheduled in the grounds at Bleak House, and rambles and coach trips through the countryside are planned. At Portsmouth, where Dickens was born, the restored museum will be opened. The Victoria and Albert Museum will sponsor one of the most comprehensive Dickens exhibitions of all. At Broadstairs, the natives are to be attired in Victorian costumes. The nation will note the occasion with a series of commemorative stamps. At every underground station maps are to be posted, directing interested persons to every London nook and cranny where Dickens's characters played their parts.

First port of call for any visiting American must be Dickens House on Doughty Street, not many minutes by bus or cab from almost any part of London. It was in this house that two of Dickens's daughters were born, where his young sister-in-law, Mary Hogarth, died, where he spent happy hours with John Forster, who was to become his great biographer. In this house Dickens wrote *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Oliver Twist*. In it one can see the desk at which he sat as a clerk for the solicitors Ellis and Blackmore; the desk, from his favorite home in Gad's Hill, which he envied as a boy and purchased as a man, on which he wrote his last letter the day before his death. In this house, one can touch the table, covered with tattered velvet, at which he stood as he gave his readings. So many of his letters are there, the very books he held in his hands and read as a child, his marriage license, a vast reference library, his family Bible, his walking stick and toddy glass, copies of the magazines he edited, innumerable manuscripts, a lock of his hair.

From the time of *Pickwick* on, Dickens was besieged by his worshipers, eager to see and hear him. Today it is reasonable to believe no other writer is honored by the existence of so many fellowships and literary societies. From top to bottom and all around, this island is in a Dickens ferment.

There are dozens and dozens of people in London by the name of Dickens. Five of them have the given name of Charles. But there is no other Charles John Huffam Dickens, and may not be again.



"Our 'Happy Go Lucky' flight is delayed, pending the arrival of the pilot."

The Supreme Court

Continued from page 38

ignoring the plain command of the Tennessee constitution that the legislature reapportion itself every ten years. This, of course, stymied the efforts of foes of malapportionment who sought to have an equitably apportioned populace pass on the merits of their proposals; the rural minority had ensconced itself in power permanently through a sort of coup by inaction. Had the Warren Court not given its majoritarian reading to the commands of the equal-protection clause, malapportionment would not have been open to challenge by democratic processes that accorded a majority power in proportion to its numbers. Under these circumstances, Frankfurter's suggestion that the remedy lay at the polls, not in the courts, would have been no better than the cynical evasions of the malapportioned legislatures. An analogous objection can be made to criticism of the desegregation cases.

This suggests the dilemma posed for those who support the libertarian results of the last fifteen years of judicial activism. Judicial review unsupported by the processes of reason and resting ultimately on the Justices' say-so presents grave dangers to the effective functioning of a democratic society. Further, the policies thus established are "undemocratic and often rigid." Yet are these dangers more ominous than the evils that judicial power is invoked to combat? And who is to decide, and how is that decision to be registered?

Bickel's solution to this dilemma, building on the reflections of earlier legal thinkers such as James Bradley Thayer, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Judge Learned Hand, Justice Felix Frankfurter, and Herbert Wechsler, is that courts should reserve the exercise of their awesome powers for thwarting the representative branches of the government for those rare and anomalous crises when the very existence of democratic government itself is imperiled by the momentary malfunctioning of the democratic processes. A praiseworthy idea, but it too begs the real question: Who decides when the crisis has come, and how it must be dealt with? The people? The courts? The legislatures? The problem is difficult, and certainly insoluble by abstractions, but Bickel's penetrating critique demonstrates that lively, ongoing criticism of judicial power plays an indispensable role in narrowing the gap between the courts and the society they serve.

William M. Wiecek

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Environment Letters

Continued from page 61

I THINK I have found a solution to cleaning humanity's nest. It is a solution striking in its simplicity: As the excellent photos by Arthur Tress in "Urban Meadows" [*SR*, Mar. 7] indicate, garbage can be beautiful. Why worry about its disposal? Why not spray it with some interesting plastic sealer that would enhance the effect—maybe build a frame around it—and turn it into great monuments of our century? We could even build museums around it.

I myself was greatly inspired after a recent visit to the Museum of Modern Art. I plastered a week's trash on a board, sprayed it with antique gold, titled it "Untitled," stated the media—"trash on board, gold spray"—and hung it above the piano. The effect was stunning, but my husband would have none of it. No esthetic imagination.

(MRS.) SERILLA BEN-AZIZ,
Burbank, Calif.

OUR PASSENGER CARS are major contributors to air pollution, and the problem is not simply numbers of cars but their kind and the amounts of gasoline they burn. As a youngster I observed that a wagon with two horses left twice as much manure on the street as did another wagon with only one horse. This profound observation can be applied to cars, and I suggest a tax that encourages the use of fewer horses.

Cars can be rated on their gasoline consumption, which is partly a function of horsepower. My suggested tax, severely graduated to be effective, begins at $2.50 for vehicles rated forty miles per gallon, $10 for vehicles rated thirty, $40 for vehicles rated twenty, and $160 for vehicles rated only ten miles per gallon. Such a tax might even be politically feasible if developed gradually over a period of, say, five years to allow time for adjustment to the new concept of being economical by commuting with fewer horses.

Besides contributing to reducing pollution, the tax would provide state governments with a sorely needed new source of revenue. Moreover, with fewer horses being driven daily into town, the overcrowded stable space for parking them would be eased. If a couple of states would adopt such a tax, I daresay even the motor moguls of Detroit would get the message and stop pushing power.

CHARLES B. HUNT,
The Johns Hopkins University,
Baltimore, Md.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 65; phase, shape, heaps.

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(Continued on page 68)

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TEACHERS AND ADMINISTRATORS: For over 50 years The Abbott Teachers Agency has specialized in educational placement: Private and Public Schools; Junior-Senior Colleges. Brochure on request. 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Europe, South America, Australia, Far East, etc. 2,000 openings all trades. Construction, Office, Engineering, Sales, etc. $700 to $3,000 month. Expenses paid. Free information. Write Overseas Jobs, International Airport, Box 536-U, Miami, Florida 33148.

SECRETARIES-EXPERIENCED! Manpower has 4 month assignments available in England. Write Recruiting Director, Manpower Inc., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

TEACHERS, TOP MAINE CAMPS—Sports, Arts. Box 214, Brookline, Massachusetts 02167.

GIRL FRIDAY to assist editor of travel publication. Send resume and salary expected to Freighter Travel News, P.O. Box 504, Newport, Oregon 97365.

MONTESSORI TEACHER—for September, 1970, established school, campus-style environment, fully equipped, Springfield, Massachusetts. Send qualifications. SR Box T-347.

JOBS ABROAD. Year round and summer for young people. Over 15 countries, 9 paying job categories offered. Complete student programs available. For 34 page JOBS ABROAD magazine with applications send $1.00 to: ISTC, 866 U.N. Plaza, NYC, N.Y. 10017.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—faculty needed for private independent schools, all states, all subjects and levels; also administrators, department heads, etc.; also business managers, fund raisers, housemothers, nurses, etc., beginners, experienced; initial details, no obligation. SCHOOL SERVICE BUREAU, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut 06095.

CAMP ZAKELO (boys 7-15), Harrison, Maine. Counselors and administration. Qualified teach Athletics; Crew; Waterfront; Fencing; Electronics; Band; Camping Skills. Director Zarakov, 12 East 86th, NYC, 10028; phone 212-288-4000.

"HOW TO GET OVERSEAS JOBS"—Well paying—Europe, Asia, worldwide; lists hiring organizations. 143 pages, $4.98. Rush. Refundable. Stadrysr, Whitestone, New York 11357.

COUNSELORS top Maine boys' camp. Crafts, swimming (WSI), General (younger boys), Archery, Sailing, Canoeing, Dramatics, Judo, Nature, Tripping, Baseball, Tennis, Golf, Basketball, Group Leaders. Beautiful surroundings. Interesting, challenging experience. Camp Wildwood, 336 Central Park West, NYC 10025.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 942-R, Belmont, California 94002.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. 50,000 jobs. New 1970 government information and forms. $1.00. Special reports on employment, business, taxes, housing, education, ranching, farming, teaching, maps, etc. Austco, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

INTERNATIONAL TEACHING—For a listing of 1,000 international schools employing American teachers abroad, send $10 to G.E. Speed, 436 East 5th Street, Jacksonville, Florida.

40,000 SUMMER JOBS—Resort Employment Directory furnishes descriptions, addresses, contacts, salaries. $2.00 postpaid ($2.25 First Class). Corion Publishers, P.O. Box 15676, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74115.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

FREE-LANCE EDITORS. West Coast residents preferred. Social studies, humanities, and science multimedia programs. Grade range 3-12. Include references or samples with letter. Box T-916.

GIRL FRIDAY for NYC literary and play agency. Knowledge of books and plays essential. Box T-921.

HEBREW SCHOOL DIRECTOR—If you have exciting ideas for recasting Jewish education this may be your ideal position. Indianapolis' community weekday afternoon elementary school and high school is in the midst of exciting experimentation—both Chilton's Habet U'Shma and Language Laboratory (Dage-Bell Raytheon). Direct the school all of American Jewry will be talking about. Serve a Board that urges you to experiment and innovate. Call N. William Weinstein, 317-925-6892.

WORLDWIDE POSITIONS AVAILABLE. Enjoy high pay, travel allowances, paid overtime. Write: Global Employment, Box 706P2, Orinda, California 94563.

FULL TIME MANAGING DIRECTOR established community theatre, city in upstate New York. State business and promotional experience. Box T-901.

TEACHERS OF ENGLISH needed for 1970-'71 and 1971-'72 school years for service in Algerian Lycees with private voluntary organization under contract to Algerian Ministry of Education. Prior teaching experience and fluent French essential; graduate degrees and single candidates preferred; married couples with no dependents acceptable if both qualified. All expenses paid and tax-free savings possible. Placement September 1970. Write International Voluntary Services. 1555 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Positions also available in Southeast Asia; no French required.

EXCITING POSITIONS for psychiatric nurses with qualifications as well as credentials. Human Resource Applications is building psychiatric facilities in a number of national locations. Active, contemporary treatment programs include milieu therapy, group process, "open wards," individual and group psychotherapy. Call Boston, Massachusetts, 617-227-6539 and ask for Miss Ciresi for further information.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

ARCHITECT-DESIGNED VACATION HOME, Warren, Vermont, 1½ baths, 3¼ acres, pond. Sleeps 10+. 1932 Yale Station, New Haven, Connecticut 06520.

ADIRONDACKS—Lovely country home on 100 acres mountain view land. Stone fireplace, 5 bedrooms, 2 baths. $40,000. Anderson, Box 804, Saranac Lake, N.Y. 12983.

SUPERIOR HOUSE, Willoughby Lake, Vermont. 9 rooms, oil heat, garage, workshop. 4 acres, near skiing. SR Box T-927.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Chevy Chase Colonial, $45,000—take over 5½% loan. SR Box T-918.

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT. 20 acres, lovely house, secluded, 20' x 50' artist studio. $68,500. Ueland-Nichols Real Estate, Box 384, Woodstock, Vermont 05091.

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

CREATIVE SOLITUDE—Amidst 5,000 acre estate 1 hour from NYC. Master bedroom and bath, small guest room, ½ bath, large kitchen, living room, glassed-in porch on shore of mile-long private lake. Central heat, fireplace. Lease. References required. Phone 914-753-5228.

For Rent—Furnished

NEAR PAWLING, N.Y.—18th century Colonial home. 4 bedrooms, 4 baths; wine cellar, swimming pool. On 40 acres—brooks, hills, valleys. 1½ miles from village, 63 miles NYC. Ideal permanent living or country house. $4,800 annually. 212-974-6741.

HILTON HEAD ISLAND, S.C.—Golfer's paradise. Condominium home for rent. Completely furnished. Sleeps 6. Pool and beach. Write for brochure. P.O. Box 4, Maplewood, N.J. 07040.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

IDEAL for Executive or Academic family: Brooklyn, N.Y., near Brooklyn College, accessible other colleges. Spacious one family home, comfortably equipped. Choice residential location. 4 bedrooms, 2½ baths, fireplace, porch, grounds, garage. 25 minutes midtown Manhattan. Available 6/1/70-9/1/70 or academic year '70-'71. References. Call 212-UL 9-5482, write SR Box T-919.

WESTERN GERMANY near Marburg Giessen. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths. Acreage, view. Ideal sabbatical. SR Box T-827.

HOUSE IN THE MOUNTAINS for rent May 1st through November 1st in Vermont's Sugarbush Valley. Reasonable off-season rate. Contact J. Burnes, 100 Franklin Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02106.

LITTLE SWITZERLAND, N.C. Blue Ridge Mountains. 2 bedroom home, fireplace. Private lake. Mildred Collis, 2401 Seaside, San Diego, California 92107. 714-222-5280.

For Summer Rental

SECLUDED STUDIO CABIN, Dutchess County, N.Y., available $100 weekly June through September. Use of school tennis courts and pond. Box T-320.

HARBORSIDE COTTAGES—Ancient Pemaquid. May-November. New Harbor, Maine 04554.

VERMONT COTTAGES, LAKE BOMOSEEN. Furnished. lakefront: swimming, boating, playground included. $90-$100 weekly. Monthly, seasonal discounts. Box 167, Killington, Vermont 05751.

PENOBSCOT BAY, Vinalhaven Island. Charming remodeled farmhouse. Accommodates 6. Attractive hilltop cottage, 4. Artist's beach house, large open plan, 6. Oceanfront, pine forests, meadows, beautiful views. Option to buy. SR Box T-923.

MONTAUK—Secluded, near ocean: luxury 3 bedroom. $1,300 August-Labor Day. 212-LE 2-0137.

VERMONT—Private country home overlooking valley golf course in the Green Mountains of Vermont. Weekly rates. New 4 bedroom, 4 full baths, modern kitchen, and living room with fireplace. Deluxe furnishings complete to linens. Share use of olympic swimming pool, tennis courts, and nine hole golf course. Facilities of Fox Run Lodge including daily maid service, dining room, cocktail lounge, and game room available to lessors only 150' from doorstep. For further information contact Joan Hutchinson, Owner's agent, Box 0, Sudbury, Massachusetts 01776. 617-443-9922.

CRYSTAL LAKE, MICHIGAN—Spacious Colonial masterpiece near lake. Sandy private beach. Box 158, Benzonia, Michigan 49616.

CUERNAVACA, MEXICO. Colonial home, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, studio, large dining room, living room with fireplace. Filtered pool. Nice garden with badminton court. Secluded location. One hour from Mexico City. For rental from July 1st to October 31st or largest part thereof. Definitely no children, teenagers or pets. P.O. Box 2554, Mexico 1, D.F.

CHARMING, SECLUDED summer cottage, Oxford, Connecticut. 80 acres. Swimming, pond. $100 week. 914-967-7962.

JACKMAN, MAINE. Deep woods, lakefront lodge. 2 bedrooms. SR Box T-906.

BREWSTER, CAPE COD—Delightful cottage on large secluded lake, 3 minutes to ocean. Month $650, season $1,200. SR Box T-911 or 617-235-8372.

SUMMER RENTAL—Beautiful 4 bedroom house. Own beach. Stony Brook, N.Y. 516-751-6118.

CONNECTICUT CABIN—70 miles NYC. Secluded in woods, on private lake, comfortably equipped. Rowboat, electricity, running water, modern privy. Long season, $1,000. Box T-902.

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HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 663 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

For Summer Rental

GREENWICH VILLAGE APARTMENT—Charming furnished 1 bedroom apartment, eat-in-kitchen, sunny. June 10th-September 1st, $260 monthly. Box T-925.

NYC—RIVERSIDE DRIVE—Air conditioned 5½, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, separate dining room. Many extras. June-September (flexible). $400 month. 212-799-0372.

APARTMENT FOR SALE

PARIS APARTMENT—Rue de Seine, gracious salon and alcove, large bedroom, maid's room, kitchen. SR Box T-909.

APARTMENTS WANTED

MANHATTAN—1½ room unfurnished studio wanted by businesswoman. To $175 monthly. Box T-929.

SR STAFF MEMBER and family need 2 bedroom 6 month sublet from April 1st in Manhattan, Westchester County or the Berkshires. Up to $250. Box T-760.

For Summer Rental

L.A.—Professor, single 28, sublet? Mr. Demattteis, CMSC, Warrensburg, Missouri 64093.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

MAINE—Wooded acreage, starting at $40 per acre—also all forms of real estate. FRANKLIN REALTY CO., 44 Main Street, Farmington, Maine 04938. Tel. Office 207-778-2852 (Mr. Barrows).•

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA—3 wooded acres on Sunset Mountain, overlooking city and facing Smokies. Only $5,600. SR Box T-821.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks Barron, Broker, Hyde Park, Vermont. 802-888-4285.

CAPE BRETON ISLAND—100 acres $1,500. 90 acres $1,400. D. R. Rowe, 1805 University Boulevard, Bowling Green, Kentucky 42101.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

HIGH HOURLY PROFIT—Own business with one serviceman. Quickly learned. Easy to do. Operate from home. Few hundred dollars builds your own nationally advertised business while continuing present job. Investigate immediately before your territory is taken. Free booklet explains everything. Send today. Then decide. Duraclean, CO-514, Duraclean Building, Deerfield, Illinois 60015.

OPPORTUNITY to get into lodge business in Stowe. Small hotel for sale doing excellent business. Owner, Box 1249, Stowe, Vermont 05672.

CAMPS

SUN VALLEY MUSIC CAMP—Heart of the Rocky Mountains in Sun Valley, Idaho. Internationally known faculty—Jr. High, High School, and College—Vocal, Instrumental, and Ballet. Write winter address, P.O. Box 6100, Dept. S-R, Charlotte, N.C. 28207.

PINECREST FOR GIRLS—Maine. Memories unlimited. RSVP 49 Andrew Avenue, Oakland, N.J. 07436.

BROWN LEDGE—Mallett's Bay, Vermont. "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Miss Barbara Brown Winslow, 155 Dodds Court, Box C, Burlington, Vermont 05401.

BURLEIGH HILL—Boothbay, Maine 04537. Boys. Saltwater sailing, tennis specialties. $1,000.

COEDS' DUDE RANCH—9-16, 5,000 acres, Gateway National Forest. Hours riding daily, 52 horses. All activities. 20 years experience. Yours may qualify. School accommodations. Hidden Valley Horse Ranch, North Powder, Oregon 97867.

CUAUHTLI CARAVAN CAMP—Another challenging 30-day Mexican adventure for boys 12-14. Camping, fishing, aquatics, self-discipline, leadership, self-reliance, archeology, Spanish, with experienced scouter. Southern Mexico, including Cozumel. Limited enrollment. Write: Sam Atkins, Jalapa 152, Mexico 7, D.F.

CAMP WEDIKO, Hillsboro, New Hampshire, specializing in the rehabilitation of emotionally disturbed boys, is now accepting applications for its 21st season. Referrals are made through guidance centers, schools and therapists in private practice. Address inquiries to: Edward R. Boyd, Director, Guidance Camps, Inc., 412 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02115.

THEATRE SUMMER. Lots of experience, new ideas, work. Little recreation, few trips. Live on campus. High School Theatre. Towson State College, Baltimore, Maryland 21204.

OVERWEIGHT BOYS AND GIRLS 8-18. Enjoy a summer of fun while losing weight at the original non-medical slim down camps. Complete sports programs. Re-education in eating habits. Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. Winter follow-up program. For booklet, write Stanley for girls or Camp Tahoe for boys, Box 701, Hurleyville, New York 12747. Phone 212-947-7749.

LAC DU FLAMBEAU, WISCONSIN. The Adventurers' Camp for Boys. 40th year. Wilderness trips, all land and water sports. Program tailored to individual needs. 80 boys, 9-15. 7-week session. Lance R. Robinson, 147 Central, Highland Park, Illinois 60035.

THE PUTNEY SCHOOL Work Camp is reopening this summer and will provide a daily life that is balanced between physical, cultural, and intellectual activities, and an atmosphere in which a young person can deepen his insight into himself and extend his outlook on the world. Coed. 13-17. Robert Williams, Director, 802-387-5566 or 5541. The Putney School, Putney, Vermont 05346.

IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children, Elmer 24, New Jersey 08318.

CHRISTMAS TREE INN, Warren, Vermont 05674, remedial reading camp, boys, ages 7 to 10. Individual attention, limited enrollment. Helen Gow, Director.

CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. The Advisory Service, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036. 212-PE 6-1660.

DAY CHO LAH—Younger boys only. Established 1912. On Wisconsin's beautiful Green Lake. 7 to 13 years. Extensive waterfront program. Horseback riding. All sports. Tutoring. Dedicated leadership. Also Camp Sandstone for Girls. Brochure. Mr. Chris G. Vee, 1430 Granville, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068.

CAMPS

GROVE FARM WORKSHOP in the Humanities for boys and girls, 14-18. Integrated, interdenominational. Creative thinking through literature, drama, history, music. Work projects; forestry conservation. June 28th-August 9th. B. S. deFrees, Director, North Rumford, Maine 04278.

JUDGMENT RIDGE—Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8, 16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding if desired ($65 extra). 26 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, creative arts, pottery, sports, farming, construction. Individualized programs, regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMP. Boys. Private forest, lake, trout stream. Adirondack Canadian canoe trips. Riflery, mountaineering, nurses. 45th year. Box 2385, Fayetteville, N.Y. 13066.

RETIREMENT LIVING

RETIREMENT LIVING AT ITS FINEST at Crestview Center in the heart of the residential metropolitan Toledo (Ohio) area. A specially-developed community where retired people share the security of health services, the comfort of never being alone, the assurance of protection against inflation, the independence of coming and going as they please. Life lease or a new monthly fee plan available. For complete information, write Mr. Maurice Seiple, Director of Development, Crestview Center, Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

RETIRE TO an inexpensive life of chess, music, the cultural arts and intellectual endeavors. For details: American Chess Society, 240 West 73rd Street, New York, New York 10023.

VACATIONS

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

JUNE IN THE BIG SKY COUNTRY—a month of golden days with air so clear you can see for sixty miles. Towering buttes, cool green canyons. Comfortable beds, superb food. Not a dude ranch. Richardson Hereford Ranch, Crawford, Nebraska 69339. Telephone 308-665-1346.

ALASKAN ADVENTURE, Hope, Alaska 99605. Wilderness trail rides, June, July. Brochure.

HOUSEBOAT HOLIDAYS. Explore Rideau Lakes, Kingston to Ottawa. Safari Marina, Rideau Ferry, Ontario.

SUMMER WILDERNESS EXPERIENCE? Try two weeks at small ecumenical mountain retreat center. 1970 themes include: creativity, image environment. Write: Ring Lake Ranch, Dubois, Wyoming 82513.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE, Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut, 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA. Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in riding, birdwatching, sun, siestas.

TAOS—Art, culture, beauty in northern New Mexico mountains as the personal quest of resident artist. Free brochure. Trebor de Taos, Box 242, Taos, New Mexico 87571.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $135 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

OCEAN COTTAGES. Large, new, housekeeping. Fireplaces, electric heat. May-November. Thompson House Cottages, New Harbor, Maine 04554.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box O, Luquillo, P.R.

(Continued on page 72)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 71)

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO. The Duffys' by the Sea, a tropical guesthouse where convivial people sometimes solve world problems—but more often forget them. Excellent beach. Sympathique bar. Reasonable. Box 12232, Loiza Station.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

ENVIRONMENTALLY EUPHORIC . . . A cool, clean ten miles at sea: serene island, quiet fourteen-guest inn. $13-$19 M.A.P. June-September. The Golden Gull, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

ADIRONDACKS, KEENE VALLEY, bucolic housekeeping cottages, fireplaces, all conveniences. Seclusion, minutes from trails, trout streams. $100 weekly. 315-853-2166.

HOUSEBOATING! On 1,000 beautiful miles Sacramento Delta Waterways. Deluxe houseboats. Free color brochure: HOLIDAY FLOTELS, Box SR-8771, Stockton, California 95204.

VACATIONS IN BRITISH HOMES arranged by "Contacts in Britain," Boughton Aluph, Ashford, Kent, England.

BLOCK ISLAND—The 1661 Inn's "Getaway Weekends" start May 29th. Brochure. The 1661 Inn, Block Island, R.I. 02807.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private Gulf beach.

NATURE'S TRANQUILIZER: A serene island, a small hotel and miles of winding trails through softwood forests to majestic cliffs where the sounds of birds, deep throated reef buoys and the wind in the trees awaken one's soul. Brochure. The Island Inn, Box R, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

NASSAU, BAHAMAS. Relax in elegant informality in 1-2-3 room apartments with kitchens, air conditioning, maid service. On private beach, pool. Write Cable Beach Manor, Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

SUPERB MAINE SEASIDE RESORT under two hours' drive from Boston. Excellent cuisine, cocktails. Private pool. Theatre, art colony nearby. The Lookout, Box 2, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, tennis, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle, Islamorada. Phone 305-664-2811. **THE SHARY'S.**

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

SEASHORE RESORT—one of the world's greatest. On picturesque, landscaped acres. 18 hole championship golf course. Heated swimming pools. Championship tennis. May through October. Write The Wentworth, Dept. 23, Portsmouth, N.H. 03801.

COLORADO MOUNTAINS—Rent one of twenty professors'/physicians' modern vacation homes in remote 1,300 acre ranch. Antialcoholic owners prefer kids, quiet families seeking rugged recreation. SR Box T-914.

FISH, SAIL, SKIN DIVE. Charter from La Paz, Baja California and sail the Sea of Cortez. Power or sail: 32' Grand Banks, 49' Trimaran and more. Mac Shroyer, Box 290, La Paz, Baja California, Mexico.

TAKE A YOGA VACATION in the beautiful Poconos. Write for brochure: Yoga, Pennsylvania 18360.

RESORT LUXURY in North Woods lodge and motel. Excellent meals, cocktails. Swimming pool, golf. On picturesque Arnold Trail. Private airstrip adjacent. Sky Lodge, Moose River Maine

VACATIONS

DIVI DIVI—no double talk, it's the name of the newest Dutch treat, the DIVI DIVI Beach Hotel, Aruba, Netherlands West Indies. Pick a unique private casita with beachfront patio or a luxurious terraced room in the main building. Full resort facilities for your every pleasure on its 1,000 ft. sugar sand beach. See your travel agent or for color brochure contact Utell International, 160 Central Park South, New York, N.Y. 10019. 212-PL 7-2981.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For information write Information Bureau, Dept. 15, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

CIVILIZED FAMILY VACATIONS: 165 acre resort on Lake Champlain. Inn, Cottages. Riding, sailing, water skiing, tennis, heated pool AND complete programs. Separate dining Teens to Pre-pre-school. Parental bliss. Color Brochure TYLER PLACE, Highgate Springs 266, Vermont 05460

NANTUCKET. Island of Enchantment, 30 miles at sea, less than one hour by air from New York or Boston. Sandy beaches, warm water swimming, surfing, golf, your favorite sports, varied evening entertainment. Well-equipped boat basin. Modern accommodations. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 25D Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

GASCON RANCH. Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

WILD LOONS CALL from Indian Lake's clear mountain waters, Adirondacks. American Plan, families, adults. Rustic, informal. Sailing, horses. Timberlock, Sabael, N.Y. 12864.

HEALTHFUL FLORIDA VACATIONING—Relaxing. Reducing. Rejuvenation. Free brochure. Shangri-La, Bonita Springs, Florida 33923-SR.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey, seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $10-$16; 4 persons, $16-$20. Reserve by mail or phone.

STACK 'EM INN. Luxurious chalets on 10 mile lake. All with kitchens, heat, fireplaces. Sandy beach, sailing, fishing, water skiing, saunas. Open year 'round. Recommended by Mobil Guide. Write Box S, Bridgton, Maine 04009.

WESTERN ADVENTURE on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages. Operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips. All ranch activities. Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R676, Livingston, Montana 59047.

ON A CLEAR BLUE LAKE, pine bordered. Enjoy this family, nonhousekeeping cottage colony. Fireplaces. Chalet rooms. Delicious meals. Water skiing, canoe trips, tennis, lobster bakes, sauna, entertainment. Pets allowed. AAA recommended. Color folder. Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — FRANCE — SCHILLER COLLEGE — see "STUDIES ABROAD." Language, Literature, Art, Theatre, Music, East-West studies.

AEGINA ART CENTRE in Greece—painting, poetry, archeology, literature, theatre and music festival. July or August—chartered flights $310 round trip. Tuition $200. Write: Aegina Art Centre, 25 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois 60604.

SUMMER IN FRANCE—July 1st-August 12th, 1970. FIFTH ANNIVERSARY. Course of study, Paris; Music and Art festival, French Riviera. Six major departments —Music-Dance-Art History-French-Theatre-Painting. For application (airmail), Paris American Academy, Richard Roy, Director, 269 Rue Saint Jacques, Paris 5, France.

NONTOURIST MEXICO with anthropologist. 6th year. Students 14-18. Box 4486, Stockton, California 95204.

LA SORBONNE. College students. $680. 6 weeks. Includes round trip jet transportation, tuition, directors' fees, room and board for 4 weeks. 2 weeks free. Also, University de Grenoble. June-August. Write: World Youth Culture, Inc., New Canaan, Connecticut 06840. Tel: 203-966-3807.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

LESLEY FROST, daughter of Robert Frost, is now considering applications for her seventh summer (July-August) of her school in Spain (near Segovia), for girls 15-17. Spanish and French taught; art and history emphasized. Weekends in Madrid, Toledo, Salamanca, etc. Tour of Granada, Sevilla, Cordoba. Address Miss Frost, 129 East 10th Street, NYC 10010.

KNOW ONE EUROPEAN CITY well. 11th annual German Study-Travel Program. Eight weeks in Vienna. Enriched experience of lectures, music, art in Palais Kinsky, heart of city. Four planned weekend trips included. Visits to West and East with experienced leaders. Write: College of Wooster Vienna Program, Wooster, Ohio 44691.

LATIN AMERICA: Archeological field trips led by museum staff. Accredited educational programs. Mibar, Box 213, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53203.

SUMMER STUDYTRAVEL for high school students. 8 weeks, July-August. Mexico-Archeology or language study, Alaska, Yugoslavia-Greece, U.S.S.R. and Japan-EXPO, East Africa safari. Also adult trips. Small groups with qualified leaders. Studytravel, Dept. S, Friends World College, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

GREECE—GREEK ISLAND CRUISE. Search for beauty, truth this summer. 6 credits. Optional fine arts residency. Hellenic Humanities, 149 Rocksville Road, Holland, Pennsylvania 18966.

LONDON-SUMMER '70—Credit-Flights-Anglo-U.S. Faculty. Humanities, Early Childhood, Secondary Education, Science, Physical Education, Drama, History, Literature: in U.S.S.R.: Early Childhood. Dean, School of Education, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15213.

VACATION-STUDY PROGRAM in early music and Baroque Festival in San Miguel Allende, Mexico. All levels of instruction. Write Collegium Musicum, Music Department, Memphis State University, Memphis, Tennessee 38111.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1378

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By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Sojourn in the country	11 111 116 125 132 137 144 147 154
B. Acted restrainedly	192 200 213 12 56 68 101 124 151 156 181
C. Fixed in direction	185 195 197 14 34 87 127 131 140
D. Marked by excessive vitality or nervous energy	142 162 27 30 42 60 71
E. Most important island of the WORD Q	72 105 150 166 171
F. French grammarian, lexicographer, and encyclopedist (1817-75)	2 19 66 83 129 134 174 183
G. 6-0 in tennis (2 wds.)	38 49 126 138 187 205 4
H. Dosed	120 130 146 161 182 188 202 212 16
I. Enormous boa	44 78 165 208 6 22 37 57
J. Humorous weekly edited by O. Henry, 1894-95 (2 wds. after *The*)	96 119 158 194 199 207 1 10 26 54 82 85
K. Loose, wanton	99 113 179 5 21 209 29
L. Famous first words (3 wds.)	41 45 47 53 62 74 80 160 168 177 189 193 7 13
M. Surname of the hero of Sheridan's "The Rivals"	36 196 40 180 69 3 59 67
N. March, in a way (comp.)	198 24 86 103 107 118 170 186 55
O. Pseudonym assumed by WORD M (2 wds.)	90 136 50 63 128 169 110 121 31 35 145 108 159 8
P. Severe critic	70 155 163 61 79 65 172 97 106
Q. 450-mile chain of islands in the S Pacific (2 wds.)	33 51 122 153 167 204 210 98 18 92 43
R. Capers, antics, pranks	76 206 91 104 173 201
S. Purposed, reflected	164 17 46 9 88 77 112 93 190
T. Perform a prescribed religious service or ceremony	203 25 178 81 100 176 117 64 95
U. Growing tendency (2 wds.)	15 135 20 139 84 191 114 115 73 23
V. Haphazardly (3 wds.)	157 133 75 52 48 141 58 89 152 184 39
W. Oblivion	109 32 175 123 28
X. Scribe, during Persian and early Greek periods of Jewish history	149 148 94 143 102 211

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

		1 J	2 F	3 M	4 Q	5 K	6 I	7 L	8 O		9 S	10 J		11 A	12 B	13 L	14 C
15 U	16 H	17 S	18 Q		19 F	20 U		21 K	22 I	23 U		24 N	25 T		26 J	27 D	28 W
	29 K	30 D	31 O	32 W	33 Q		34 C	35 O	36 M	37 I	38 G	39 V		40 M	41 L	42 D	43 Q
	44 I	45 L	46 S		47 L	48 V	49 G	50 O	51 Q		52 V	53 L	54 J		55 N	56 B	57 I
58 V	59 M	60 D	61 P	62 L		63 O	64 T		65 P	66 F	67 M		68 B	69 M	70 P	71 D	72 E
73 U		74 L	75 V		76 R	77 S	78 I	79 P	80 L		81 T	82 J		83 F	84 U	85 J	
86 N	87 C		88 S	89 V	90 O		91 R	92 Q	93 S	94 X	95 T	96 J		97 P	98 Q	99 K	100 T
101 B	102 X	103 N		104 R	105 E		106 P	107 N	108 O	109 W		110 O	111 A	112 S		113 K	114 U
	115 U	116 A		117 T		118 N	119 J	120 H	121 O	122 Q	123 W	124 B	125 A		126 G	127 C	128 O
129 F	130 H		131 C	132 A	133 V		134 F	135 U	136 O	137 A	138 G		139 U	140 C		141 V	142 D
	143 X	144 A	145 O	146 H		147 A	148 X		149 X	150 E	151 B		152 V	153 Q	154 A	155 P	156 B
	157 V		158 J	159 O	160 L	161 H	162 D	163 P	164 S	165 I	166 E	167 Q		168 L	169 O	170 N	171 E
172 P	173 R	174 F	175 W		176 T	177 L		178 T	179 K	180 M	181 B		182 H	183 F	184 V	185 C	186 N
187 G		188 H	189 L	190 S		191 U	192 B	193 L	194 J	195 C		196 M	197 C	198 N	199 J	200 B	201 R
	202 H	203 T		204 Q	205 G		206 R	207 J	208 I	209 K	210 Q	211 X	212 H	213 B			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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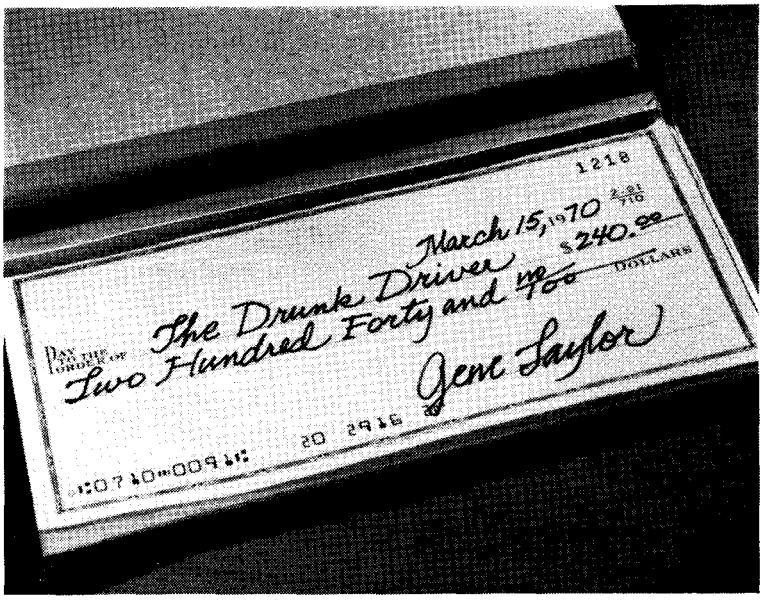
The drunk driver adds $240 a year to your cost of living

—if you live.



It may be a few dollars more or less than that. The figure is approximate.

But there are some things that are deadly accurate. Last year, over 35,000 Americans were killed in crashes where drinking was involved. And at least two million were injured.

The drunk driver cost the country $8 billion in direct economic loss. Add to that an estimated (and very conservative) indirect loss of $16 billion, and you see the size of the problem.

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The situation is bad and has been getting worse for the past several years. But it can still be turned around if you're willing to help. As a beginning, each state needs the tough, effective drunk driving laws recommended by the National Highway Safety Bureau (24 states now have these laws—does yours?). The next step is fair enforcement of these laws.

Will you help?

Help stop the traffic slaughter.

For a free copy of the new booklet, "The Drunk Driver May Kill You (What You Can Do To Help Get Him Off The Road)," write to the Safety Director, Allstate Insurance Company, Northbrook, Illinois 60062.

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(Translation) Fasten your seat belts.

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